

woroni

Volume 48 Number 10 Thursday 24 October, 1996



unibar



UNLESS STATED "ALL AGES", SHOWS ARE FOR OVER 18'S AND I.D MUST BE SHOWN

THU 24 OCT WITH NAKED SOUL

JAZZ N JUGS

FRI 25 OCT

**HAIGHT ASHBURY +
78 SAAB + BOOGYMAN**

SAT 26 OCT

**DOMINGO +
CRUMPET + PLUTOASTIA**

WED 30 OCT TICKETS AT DOOR

**POWDERFINGER
+ POLLYANNA**

THU 31 OCT

ALTERNATIVE MEDIA BAND NIGHT

FRI 01 NOV ANU: FREE

OKTOBER FEST

**PORKERS
MR BLOND
LOIN GROIN
GRUUV
FUNKY, ACID, AFRO, LOUNG**

SAT 02 NOV AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
LIQUID + SWIM +

HENRY'S ANGER + ENTROPY

THU 07 NOV

AMMONIA
JEDEIAH + BIG HEAVY STUFF

FRI 08 NOV

**LIQUID + HENRY'S ANGER
+ STONE HOUSE**

SAT 09 NOV

**SWIM + WAYWARD
+ AFORAFRO**

THU 14 NOV

**ELEPHUNK +
LOIN GROIN**

FRI 15 NOV TICKETS ON SALE NOW

SUPERCHUNK ALL AGES
+ SMUDGE + 78 SAAB

TUE 03 DEC TICKETS ON SALE SOON

FISHBONE
+ PORKERS

ANUUnion concertline: 249 2546



**FUN·FOOD·DRINK
FOR ALL!**

anu: free

fri 1 nov 96

the porkers

mr blond

loin groin

gruuv

funky, acid,

afro, lounge

doors open 4:30pm

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 advertising manager
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 Darkness' Still
 features editors
 Corin Throsby
 Matt Taylor
 news editors
 Rachael Doland
 John Asker
 letters editor
 Heidi Zwar
 entertainment editor
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 regulars editor
 Owen Larkin
 behind the face
 Adam McGlashan
 features
 Nick Agafonoff, Bianca
 Nogrady
 photography
 Bianca Nogrady
 design work
 Matt Taylor
 Jodie Wearne
 artwork
 Mike Selinger
 front cover
 Artwork by Rupert
 Sikora
 contributors
 John Asker, Jessica
 Coates, Julian Coldrey,
 Garth Crawford, Matt
 Darke, Sarah Duborre,
 Douglas Guilfoyle, Phil
 Hall, Jason Ives, Owen
 Larkin, William
 Mackerras, Yvette Martin,
 Siobhan McDonnell,
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 Rebikoff, Matt Ruffin,
 Mike Selinger, Kristy
 Shugg, Dan Silkstone,
 Peter Still, Nick Tolley,
 Robert Umphelby
 director of student
 publications
 Hamish McKellar
 legal advice
 Phil Hall, Matt Darke
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 Students' Association
 ANU, 0200
 the opinions expressed
 in Woroni are not
 necessarily those of the
 editors, students'
 association or even of
 the contributors.
 This is the last edition of
 Woroni, so if you have
 any complaints shove it
 up your bong.

woroni

volume 48 • no 10 • october 1996

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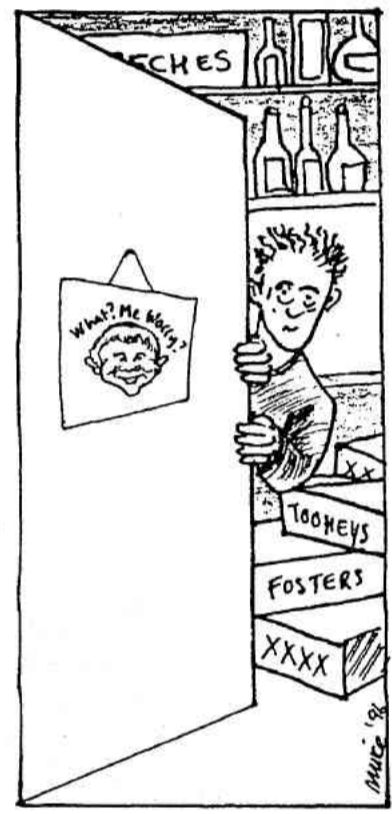
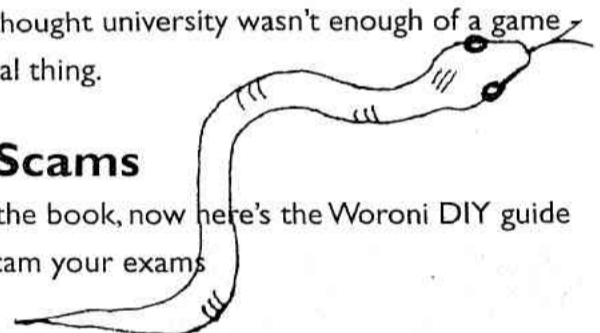
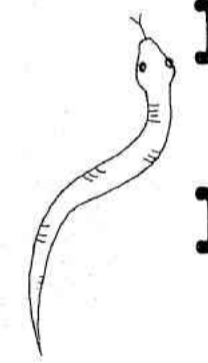
There's a question that wriggles through our minds a lot around this time of year — why am I here? Is it for good education and intellectual company, or for easy sex, cheap beer and home-made drugs? Some of us will never know, at least that's the impression Nick Agafonoff got when he asked some neuronally-challenged students.

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In case you thought university wasn't enough of a game here's the real thing.

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You've read the book, now here's the Woroni DIY guide to how to scam your exams



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Read about your Dead Editor of the Week, plus a bit of erotica courtesy of Howard's front bench

woroni would like to say a few special thank yous, this being the final edition. Firstly, to every single one of our contributors, thanks for a fabulous effort and hope you have enjoyed your involvement with Woroni as much as we have. Special mention to our regular columnists who have generated wonderful prose despite many educationally-imposed hardships. Huge thanks to Matt Darke for saving our arses in both our legal traumas - may all your cases be victorious and lucrative! Big hugs and thanks to Karen 'Blondie' Hagen for making the SA a fun and depraved place to be again. Thanks to William Mackerras for making the year so interesting, and for being honest, Damian James for patiently scanning our covers every edition, to the sensational cover artists who have all provided the unique covers of woroni '96, Mike Selinger for his legendary cartoons, Sue Betts and Greg Higgs (printers) for their patience and tolerance, Jodie Wearne for her fantastic design work, wonderful company and permanent nice smile

Letters

uvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuwxyz

Uni Games uniforms stink

Dear Editor,
I am writing to complain about the ANU team gear for the Uni games. Each student who participated was required to pay \$60.00 for a tracksuit, cap and t-shirt. Who was the rooster that decided to use this as a platform for some stupid in-joke that wasn't even funny? For those not aware, the cap was emblazoned with "All Naked University 96 (get it? A.N.U. Ha Ha Ha!) and the t-shirt had two bears running at each other taking their clothes off with other witticisms like "Get your Gear Off" and "ANU Bear Burns".

I am not offended by such things but I am hardly going to wear these things. What pisses me off is that I had to part with my hard earned money just to perpetuate someones dumb joke.

Whoever you are, you are a joke, a dud, a hapless water-buffalo caught in the mud and you need to take a good hard look at yourself charlie.

Anon.

Supplementary exams delayed

Dear Woroni,
This letter is to inform students that I have been informed that automatic further examination will not be available for failures in 1996 final exams. Any further examination will be at the discretion of the lecturer.

In May, the Board of the Faculties voted to introduce automatic further examination for certain types of failures in annual and semester units. Due to administrative difficulties, it has been decided by the University that this will not be ready until the 1997 mid year exam period.

Yours sincerely,
William Mackerras
President
ANU Students' Association

Faust a pyrotechnic soufflop

Dear Woroni,
This is a retrospective comment on Splinters Theatre's Production of Goethe's *Faust* which was performed at University House during the recent National Theatre Festival. The fact that it was the worst piece of theatre I had seen didn't spur me to scribble a \$12 ticket's worth of annoyance, so much as the evidence that Splinter had squandered a huge budget on a bombastic, technically indulged and dramatically impoverished production. I'm concerned here with the use of the Canberra public's money through grants and the like for Splinter's notorious style of production while better theatre goes begging.

Faust had everything. It began and ended with an outside carnival representing Hell, with Sidewinder's music, groups of gabbling philosophers, dancers and any number of noise-making characters. It was spectacular at first but bore no relation to the central declamation (it was nothing more) of Goethe's text. The actors inside were histrionic and disintegrated (as if each intended to carry an entire solo rendition), conveying no sense of the play's drama. There was a constant, irrelevant laser and lighting display, bondage costumes which poorly aped 'shock theatre', Larry Sitsky's long-winded and forgettable score, and a large inflatable thing. The audience tried to snatch sleep between effects. Back outside in Hell there was burning and banging this and that, and a finale featuring the worst display of big-proppery since The Late Show: a motorcycle and some fireworks.

Splinter needs to decide whether it is an amateur circus, a dramatic corps, a stunt team or a rabble of pyromaniacs, since it was only convincingly the latter in *Faust*. Whoever funds them needs to question their support of the group in present incarnation. And that's my two cents.

Sideshow

Exams suck

Dear Woroni
Exams really suck.
Yours

Depressed

Focusing on religion

Dear Editor
To begin, let me congratulate you on a pleasingly adequate *Woroni* so far. Now I have sucked up I want to vent my spleen on one of the most annoying things to occur on campus this year. Those stupid FOCUS posters. They are stupid for 2 reasons.

- It took me all of second term to work out they were actually "advertising" a brand of religion.
 - Once you have worked out what they are about, they display a breathtaking lack of tolerance for other view points.
- The last point is one that I wish to dwell on. The object of the majority of these posters seemed to make the non converted feel, in some bizarre way, guilty. That really shat me. The very idea of university being a place where you feel guilty for holding a particular point of view drives me livid.
- I cannot begin to explain my disgust for the group (whatever they in fact DO) that makes me, and other people (I expect), feel second rate individuals.

Pax Vobis Cum

Deb Ingledene

Ed. has her say

The letters to *Woroni* have been a particularly poor batch this year - the ones that haven't been from student politicians have been about student politicians. Need

I say more? Yes, its partly my fault, and to prove it please allow me to indulge myself in this, the last letters page for the year:

Libs kick butt in

Lindsay by-election!

The Labor Club are simply not mentioning it - and who can blame them? Even those that predicted a Liberal win never in their wildest dreams expected a 6% swing to the government. Yes, it was partly due to a "give her a fair go" syndrome, but also it was a resounding endorsement of the Government's policies and budget. What's more, the Democrats got completely trounced, and must surely listen to the people and reconsider their stance in the Senate now. After all, that 's what democracy is all about - listening to the people.

Memories: blatantly biased excerpts from the first edition

From Jason Cebalo:
"But, if you actually want to make Australia a better place, join one of the major parties. Giving up the moral high-ground is neither fun nor easy, but at least you'll achieve something."

And from the man at the heart of the Wadgate affair, Daniel Jenkins, who was concerned at "monstrous abuse of the democratic process" and "dirty tactics":
"The 1995 election results...made it clear that the membership of the SA fundamentally rejects the people that don't believe in the organisation or the democratic process itself."
Touché Mr Jenkins.



RECLAIM... THE NIGHT

FRIDAY OCTOBER 25 AT 6 FOR 6.30PM
MARCH & MUSIC AT GAREMA PL.
WOMEN'S DANCE AT 9PM
TILLEY DEVINE'S CAFE, LYNEHAM
FEATURING: MACHITUN



THE CANBERRA TIMES, Thursday, May 16, 1996

THURSDAY MAY 16, 1996

THE COURIER MAIL

Axe falls on universities

Uni funding cuts to cause chaos

WEDNESDAY 22 MAY 1996 THE AGE

Enrolments up as unis combat cuts

Thousands march to oppose uni cuts

THE AUSTRALIAN Friday May 21 1996

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1996

Additional uni places in doubt

The Sydney Morning Herald

Tuesday, May 28, 1996

Cuts will lead to brain drain, say academics

By FRAN METCALF

possible" if the places and capital works funding were withdrawn.

Now for the good news...

The good news is Bond University's commitment to excellence does not rely on the changing fortunes of public funding. Bond University is private and independent and will not be affected by public university funding cuts.

Bond is different!

Major benefits to students are:

- ✓ Small classes - get to know your internationally recognised lecturers
- ✓ No more queues - no waiting in the library, high computer/student ratio, and no parking problems
- ✓ Enrol when you want - courses run over three semesters and you may enrol in January, May, or September
- ✓ Accelerated programs - you graduate one year earlier
- ✓ Receive credit for courses already completed - many students transfer to Bond
- ✓ State-of-the-art sporting facilities - Bond is not just all work and no play
- ✓ Our students get top jobs - Bond graduates are among the most sought after of all Australian universities.



Have you considered Bond ?

BOND UNIVERSITY

Gold Coast, Australia

To learn more good news about Bond, call now toll free on 1-800 074 074, or fill in the form below. <http://www.bond.edu.au>

YES, I want to learn more good news about Bond University

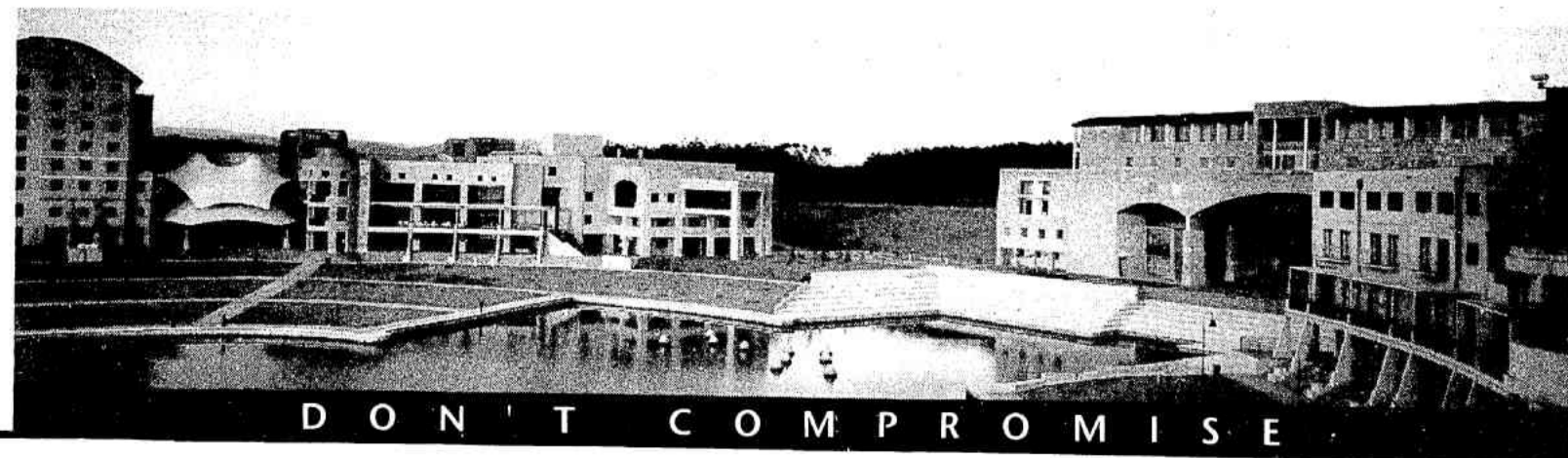
- BUSINESS - (Commerce, Accounting, Hospitality, Marketing, Management)
- INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY - (Computer Science, Software Engineering, Aviation)
- LAW - (Law, Jurisprudence)
- HUMANITIES & SOCIAL SCIENCES - (Arts, Business Communication, Languages, Journalism, Psychology)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PHONE.....

Mail: Office of Admissions, BOND UNIVERSITY, Gold Coast, Qld, 4229. Fax: (07) 5595 1015.



D O N ' T C O M P R O M I S E

Test For Election Candidates

Due to the scandal surrounding the last Student's Association election a special committee of the SRC has drafted a proposal addressing the issue. Titled "Perpetuating Proper Political Principles", it aims at "instituting a visionary code of ethical standards to combat impropriety in student politics."

Part of the plan is to make all prospective candidates for elections sit a test in order to evaluate their suitability for office. The following is an extract from the proposal;

1. Democracy means...
 - a. 1 man, 1 vote
 - b. responsible government
 - c. 1 man, 146 votes
 - d. a more complicated cheating process
2. Promises are...
 - a. sacrosanct
 - b. made by stupid people
 - c. irrelevant
 - d. please can I have a dictionary
3. Beer stacks are bad because...
 - a. they corrupt the democratic process
 - b. they involve alcohol sometimes
 - c. we can't afford them
 - d. even if people take our beer we can't ensure they vote for us

According to the text of the proposal the correct answers are 1.c. 2.c. 3.c. The proposal recommends a mark of 5% on the test as being sufficient for a pass. It was feared a higher pass mark would leave many positions unfilled.

William McKermit was unavailable for comment but Joe Ordinary, when asked what he thought of the proposal, offered the following "Who gives a shit about student politicians anyway?"

Condoms Full Of Pricks

A survey of condoms done in the UK has found that 90% of condoms are full of pricks. This remarkable discovery was made by Dr Livingstone of the Prophylactic Research Council (P.R.C.) during a survey on the use of condoms in the Canberra region.

Dr Livingstone was at a loss to explain the phenomenon stating "there is evidence to suggest it is due to some sociological factor but as yet we are unable to point to any one causal relationship."

Drug Pushers Driven Off ACT Streets

In a bold move legislators around Australia have finally legalised marijuana.

In a press statement the PM said that, "Before the election I said that my vision was for a comfortable and relaxed Australia. On this I have delivered. We anticipate that the Australian nation will be the most comfortable and relaxed nation ever."

While the move has met with widespread approval from the community, some sectors have spoken out against it.

Most vocal of these groups is the Australian Illicit Pharmaceutical Society. They feel that many drug pushers will be robbed of a valid source of income, "previously the drug pushing community had a complete unregulated monopoly on the industry. Now we have to pay payroll taxes, excise taxes and other transaction taxes, as well as income taxes on our previously undeclared incomes. In addition to this we have to compete against the far better distribu-

tion networks of the medical industry."

The prospects of lower prices, stronger quality controls and increased regulation have driven some drug pushers to consider a career change. As one pusher said,

market gardening - I've got some experience in that.

On campus students have greeted the new laws with enthusiasm. One student commented, "The old decriminalised status was a pain - the precise legal status

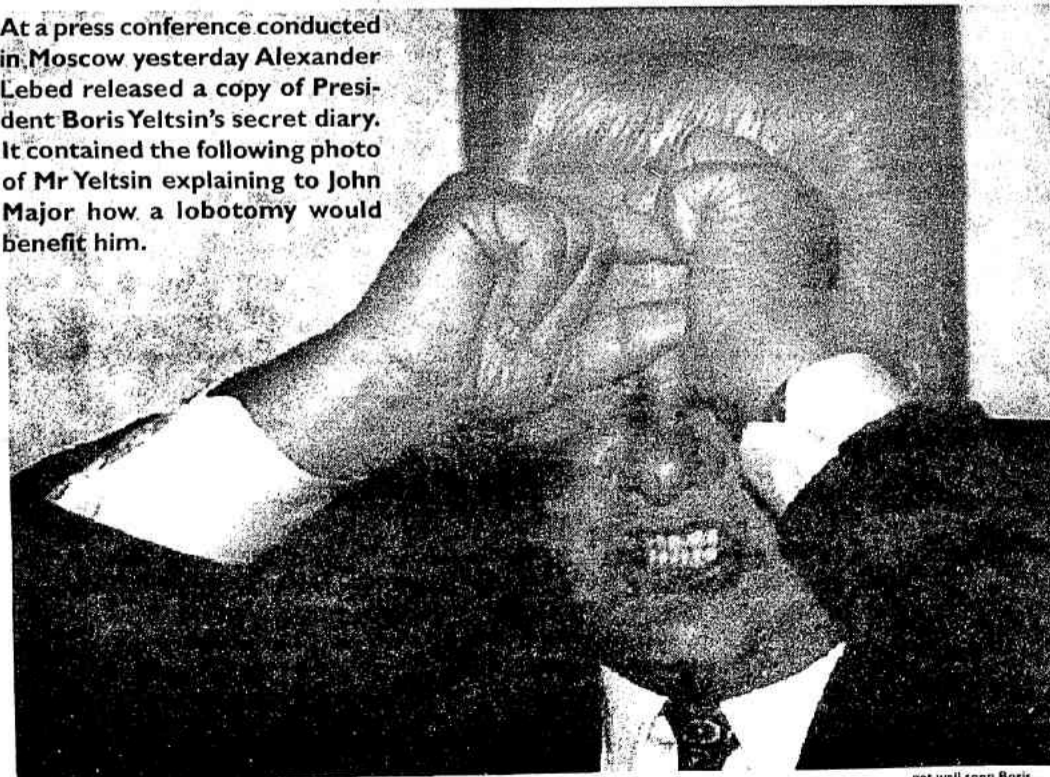


"Now that the nexus between soft and hard drugs has been broken by the legalisation of marijuana we have a serious problem. Marketing the product requires a coordinated effort. The soft drugs bring people in and then we can introduce them to our other ranges, its very common practice in most retail selling. I can see my profit margins turning negative. Maybe I'll go into

was too hard to work out. Now I have a chance to really experiment - I reckon that my maths courses will make soooo much more sense now."

The Forestry Dept also looks forward to integrating the management of this new cash crop into its current courses. In the meantime, however, students can look forward to a "comfortable and relaxed" future.

At a press conference conducted in Moscow yesterday Alexander Lebed released a copy of President Boris Yeltsin's secret diary. It contained the following photo of Mr Yeltsin explaining to John Major how a lobotomy would benefit him.



get well soon Boris...

Shock Censorship Revelation

Due to [redacted] and [redacted] rise in censorship [redacted] students [redacted] ten fat elephants and the intellect of [redacted] [redacted] [redacted].

On topics such as [redacted] and [redacted] the student press [redacted]. This has [redacted] [redacted] Howard [redacted] [redacted] "several contagious genital deformities [redacted]" the cabinet room.

Other [redacted] such as abortion [redacted].

In [redacted] "please deposit the stated amount in the above numbered bank account [redacted] [redacted] co [redacted] tuted correct procedure.

[redacted] ten [redacted] one scalpel [redacted] fish and chip shop [redacted] [redacted] seventeen men dancing naked is obviously the sign of the devil at work.

Commenting [redacted] is that as a result things are rarely taken in context and thus the meaning [redacted] distorted.

[redacted] mainstream media reporting [redacted] same criticism.

Sullies-A World Treasure

In a suprise announcement yesterday the World Heritage Trust proclaimed Sullivans Creek a World Heritage Site. In an accompanying briefing paper it described Sullies as "A monument to the power of sensitive environmental planning".

It was found that run off from the Uni Bar and Chemistry Dept. had successfully reacted with suburban swill from upstream to create a neutral compound known as "water".

A spokesman for the university said they were "excited to have such a rare and valuable resource on campus" and in keeping with the ANU corporate vision "would be selling off bottled Sullies water to an undisclosed private interest."

Students are banned from walking within 1 km of Sullivans creek from now on due to fears of contaminating a "valuable revenue source".

Efficiency Wage Sets New Standard For Unis

Universities and government are investigating new and innovative ways to link academic salaries to productivity measures. One suggested measure was outlined last week whereby academic salaries would be linked to the number of students "processed" by each staff member.

A draft proposal described the system as "a significant move toward a truly efficient educational system."

"The tertiary education system is primarily about distributing qualifications to clients [students], the proposed wage system rewards those staff members who are most effective in distributing degrees."

Independent analysts have raised concerns about diminished teaching quality under the new system. These were dismissed by a government spokesman who said, "Independent studies have shown that standards in the tertiary sector could not possibly drop. With the current funding cuts they will soon be at their lowest possible level anyway."

Some academics have greeted the proposal enthusiastically. "It's fantastic," said one professor, "To qualify for a pay rise, all I have to do is set easier exams so my pass rate increases. I imagine a satisfactory pass standard would be the correct spelling of your first name and correct spelling of your last name will earn a distinction. Supplementary exams will be helpful too."

One Vice Chancellor has said he looks forward to the day when students pass through university on a conveyor belt, a system which would "streamline the teaching process and maximise student exposure to a wide range of top academics. It will also remove the strain experienced by many students when they are called on to think about new and possibly alien situations."

Students are apathetic about the changes. "As long as I can get a job at the end of this I don't give a stuff" said one ANU scholar.

Importantly for the government, the scheme has received ringing endorsements from the financial sector who welcome the projected .0000002% cut in government spending which the changes are expected to bring.

New Government Job Advertised

In a drive toward optimal government efficiency, the government is periodically advertising the positions of all government personnel, looking at applicants and evaluating the suitability of the incumbent. As a result, the following ad appeared in last Saturday's *Canberra Times*.

Position:
Australian Monarch
Job description:
As Australia's Head of State, the Monarch defends the Anglican religious faith and is the repository for the pride and affection of the Australian people. Otherwise, the position entails no significant re-

sponsibility. Job sharing is not allowed, however, it is possible to be Monarch of one or several other countries while also being Australian Monarch. Remuneration, including two palaces, a summer castle and an annual, tax-free salary, will be provided by a foreign government.

Qualifications:
To be successful, an applicant must be white and a member of the Anglican Church (although adherence to its teachings is optional). An attractive, placid and fertile spouse, an ability to procreate and a large extended family are also useful assets for an applicant. Neither

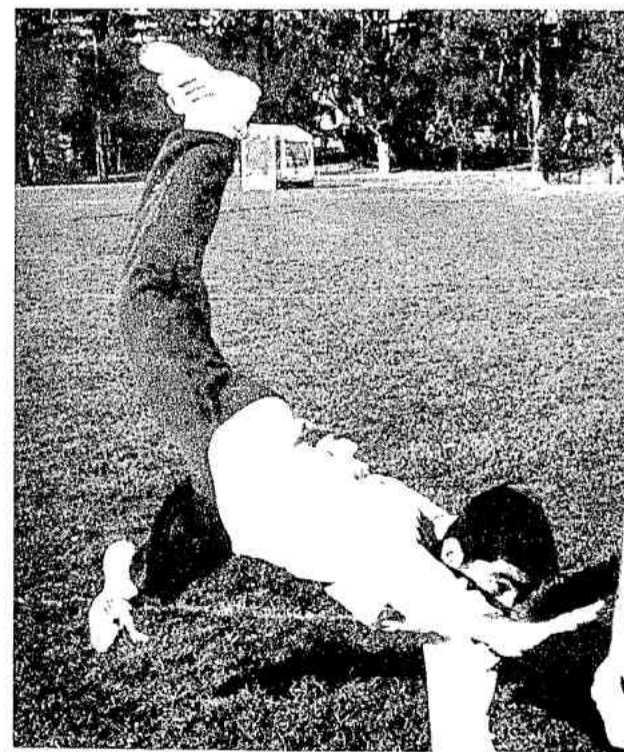
Australian citizenship, nor residence, are required, although occasional visits are not discouraged. Females may apply for the position of Monarch, however, they will only be considered if there are no male applicants.

Further inquiries:
For further inquiries, please call Oliver C at the Department of Administrative Services, Canberra.

Australia is not an Equal Opportunity Employer.



SPORT



DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME

you can lead a horticulture but you can't make her think

from the editor



So finally, it all comes down to a few weeks between bowel-wrenching stress and intoxicating, heady liberation. It's amazing what passes through your mind at this time of year; it's a pseudo-'life-flashing-before-my-eyes' experience. In case you've got nothing better to read while you're on the bog, here's a taste of what's tunneled through my neurones, as editor of a newspaper most of you glance at then store for times of toilet paper shortage (mind those staples):

- wonder at the incredible volume of saliva I've used spitting curses at the Woroni computers, which, despite coffers of money spent making them sexier and speedier, obstinately take ten minutes to open a Microsoft word document. I suppose it thinks it's giving me enough time to marvel at the wonders of technology. I believe this is why the Woroni office is conveniently located 20 feet above Sullies Creek; even silicon-based life forms from Macintosh speak the language of physical threats, especially involving deep filthy water.

- Who needs a law degree - just edit Woroni, and you too can share the volumes of legal knowledge I have acquired after no less than three legal confrontations. I'm still not allowed to tell you about them

- Who needs LSD - try going for 96 hours without sleep. We had it all; hallucinations (naked men with eiderdown pillows conveniently strapped to their thighs), hysterics (even malfunctioning programs can be a source of fun), cravings (seaweed crackers and grapes ... mmmm), confusion (I am not an editor, I am a human being) and great visual effects when the eyeballs decided to retire from action just as I am pulling out in front of a truck on Commonwealth Avenue.

- The never-ending trench warfare that has raged between myself and the Students' Association ruling politicians. To his credit, William Mackerras has never resorted to swatting me as I have buzzed around his conscience like a large, bloody minded wasp. Battles have been fought over such diverse topics as the constant censorship of Woroni, the location and use of the Woroni office, the role, or lack thereof, of the former administrator and anything else that we happened to disagree on.

- If anyone has ever ventured into Woroni territory, they will understand what I mean by the description of total shitpit. Never before has such a small area of office managed to support so many different species, some named, some probably unknown. The carpet alone harbours so much old food, drink, decomposed paper and toe cheese that if it were boiled, the resulting soup could feed a small African country for several years.

- I have fond memories of the wonderful assortment of loonies that wander in and out of the Students' Association. I have been cornered by a six foot Yeti selling poems, a paranoid conspiracy theorist out to topple the government by serving subpoenas on them for oppression and a wide variety of idiots who believe I have time to scan their 60 page theses for them.

- By far, the best flashbacks I have (here's the soppy bullshit) are of the incredibly diverse and universally fantastic group of people who have frequented the Woroni office. Whether to filch all the good freebies, use the computers or just flog our collection of Who magazines, every single person involved in the paper this year has made me thank whatever impulse drove me to do this.

- Elaborating on that theme, special mention goes to the nine editors with whom I have worked. They have all, without exception, done such an impressive job, with great humour, life, dedication and tolerance for my many shortfalls. I hope they understand how special they have made this year for me (alright alright, I'll quit dribbling now!)

On a more serious note, there is an alarming trend in political and institutional attacks on students as a socio-economic group. Not only are you facing an impossible increase in fees, but financial supports such as AUSTUDY, ABSTUDY, and rent relief are slowly being eroded away, and the student voice is being swiftly silenced through censorship and attacks on student media. Don't take these moves lightly; they may not affect you this year, but it is inevitable that one day, you'll go to collect that cheque and it won't be there, and you won't know why because there won't be a Woroni to tell you. This is not something happening to someone else; every single member of this university is about to get a rude shock. I appeal to every individual to use your power as a resident of a democratic country and defend your position in this society. Whether a lefty, liberal, democrat, communist or anarchist, you are being victimised because you are a student. Exercise your political voice and stop these policies before they stop you.

Good luck and have a nice life
Ta Ta Ta Raaaaaa

Love in the





first degree

AS the academic year builds to a frenetic climax the trees have begun spewing evil white fluff, disturbing the delicate balance of the universe and changing the nature of space and time—causing clocks to tick ever so slightly faster and our blood pressure to rise. In the midst of this academic fever, Nick Agafonoff takes a look at whether university means more to students than the monotonous, brain putrefying, ass flattening, adrenalin inspired study binge we've come to know and love.

When I posed the simple question, "What does university mean to you?", to students of the ANU, I received a range of responses.

Most notably an engineering student responded bluntly, from her limp, unenthusiastic lips and in a low, monotone voice—"pain, agony and despair." She was referring to the hours upon hours of study she had been pouring through diligently for the past week, in a zombie-like state, immune to creative stimulation. This stasis can only be described as oblivion coloured by a dull and unrelenting pain. For her, clearly, university is about battling through the academic year.

Although I tapped into the tormented psyches of many study tortured students, haunted by the ominous prospect of exams, I also received many positive responses of what university means to students in a social context. For instance, apart from more specific responses of, "I lost my virginity in the beer garden!", two frequently used terms were "identity" and "social-life". One X-Actuarial student, who is also going to drop Economics at the end of the year, said this. "I don't really know what Uni means to me any more. All I know is I come into Uni each day solely to meet up with my friends at the Union building, either in the bar, refectory, or outside at the yellow tables. We talk about life and things, and share experiences. I have begun missing lectures and tutes, and the only thing pressuring me to study for exams is self pride." In other

words, university represents to this young male student a social arena that provides fulfilling relationships amongst close friends.

Another type of response to the idea that we are just hanging around here to get a degree, was best represented by an Art History student. "What!"

"Independence is something we strived towards in our frustrated adolescence that we envied and pursued like bull terriers after men in G-Strings"

she exclaimed, somewhere between stunned and a mullet. She went onto discuss how the other day it had just occurred to her that she was here, "at Uni"! Apparently this was a mind blowing revelation. You see, most of her friends have gone to other universities and she has lost the social net of her high school relationships. Study has never been very important to her, just something to keep her occupied with in the mean time. And since the carpet has been pulled from under her feet socially, this superficial value she attaches to study has revealed itself. Now she feels "disorientated, not really knowing where she is, or is going", and pleading with her few remaining

friends to stay at the ANU.

A post-graduate student, ("thank God!"), gives a word of warning to those students who are unwilling to break the social net of their college relationships and embrace the new world. Her story goes something like this... At Narrabundah College she belonged to a close-knit group of people with more-or-less the same interests and ideals, paired off into sweet couples. This group stayed together throughout their degrees, cosy and comfortable in their established social reality. They all married, bought houses in the suburbs, started paying off mortgages and thinking about having kids. Then something happened. One by one individuals felt they were missing out on something—other experiences in life, other places, other relationships. Now it's rather messy. In her words, "Now it's divorce, divorce, divorce. We needed to get out and not just because we wanted to have interesting sex with other people." Without a doubt she regrets not having explored more substantially the social opportunities that university provides, and that because of this, it delayed her development as an individual.

A general survey of university social life indicates the ANU appears to offer a wealth of social relationship possibilities. In just a few quoted words we can begin to understand what university provides for students socially. For example: a group of ANU rugby players responded, in a synthesised moan, that university offered them—"beer, foot-y, wo-men." A core of loyal computer

labbers said that—“it is a means to world domination.” Some frisbee-ites, playing outside the Chifley Library, used various means of communication to demonstrate that it was, to them, all about—“grass burn, B.O., and dog shit.” A tall man, with a white robe draped over his shoulder, sitting quietly by himself under a tree down by Sullivan’s Creek, serenely surmised that it was merely—“a combination of disparate elements!”, and smiled knowingly. And so on... In other words university means any number of things to students of the ANU besides lectures, tutorials, seminars, workshops, and laboratory practicals. In fact, students rely on university as a means to a social life—for relationships and an identity.

Most of us end up finding a social niche within university life where we feel we belong. We often begin fitting certain student stereotypes: the big drinking, brain-dead Forestry vagabond; the cyber-space junkie Computer Science nerd; the existential, hackie-sacking Arts freak; the superior, astute, political activist, Law prick; etcetera. However, being a stereotype does not necessarily mean you are the norm. It is apparent that stigma’s attached to certain student stereotypes, (such as the computer nerd and the sports jock), are no longer justifiable. An eclectic student is emerging, one who dabbles in a variety of philosophies and identifies with a diversity of social activities and groups. We now have the footy player who surfs the internet and studies Arts. Talk about an identity crisis!

The transition into university life from college

and high school, and the establishment of a new identity within university, quite definitely has its complications. “The difference between college relationships and university ones”, says a serious student of Psychology, tends to be that the individual is confronted by “variety and choice, independence and responsibility.” Variety and choice because Uni presents a frontier for many new and exciting relationships. Independence because it’s up to us to find a social niche to which we can most relate. Responsibility because Mummy and Daddy aren’t going to be around any more to tuck us into bed each night. “Independence,” he continues, “is something that most of us strived towards in our frustrated adolescence, that we envied and pursued like bull-terriers after men in g-strings. And now we have it.” However, as many of us have already discovered, with new found independence comes dreaded responsibility. “Ouch!” says I, with my legs tightly crossed and a look of anguish on my face, “responsibility...”, realising that the smell is exuding from me, and that a shower would be in order this month.

My brief representation of various perspectives of university confirms a variety of social experiences one can have within the university sphere. It has been argued that this variety should be perceived as an opportunity to broaden one’s social horizons. Ultimately, university life is characterised by a great diversity amongst individuals and groups and means a whole-lot-more to students than just hanging around to get a

degree. The consensus appears to be that university is about opportunity—both in terms of social life and career.

It is, however, this time of the year that seems to bring us all together. It is exam time that integrates the disparate social entities we are at other times. Yes, exams amalgamate us all into one ugly, anxious, neurotic bundle of paranoid energy. No one is spared. Even insular college groups are sucked into the universal misery. At no other time may you find an Arts student behaving peculiarly like an Engineering student; the hackie-sack artist suddenly becomes the tennis obsessed, sports fiend’s compatriot. You see we are not behaving in any particular way any more for the happy illusions of our previous identities have been crushed. We capitulate to our essential student nature and resort to our primitive student instincts. An Arts student’s portrait of the typical student’s “last surge” towards exams, aptly describes the transformation from human beings into over-stressed, under-studied, sweaty-fingered students:

(i) The week before the exams we — frenetically try to order the years lecture notes and read various reading bricks which still smell disturbingly new.

(ii) The night before the exams we — study our asses off, (cram, cram, cram), and become sexually impotent for another year.

(iii) The day of the exams we — ask everybody how much study they have done and confess we haven’t done an iota. We restrain ourselves from drawing the doodles we became so accomplished at during lectures. And, we PANIC, driven on only by the crystal clear image in our minds of an icy cold schooner of beer.

(iv) Then we celebrate the end to student sadomasochism with a monumental piss-up at the Uni-bar.

It would appear that university comes down to the cold, harsh reality of “pain, agony and despair” brought about by the collective misery of essays, assignments, theses and exams. The rest of the time are we just kidding ourselves? I believe this is not the case. It is just a matter of identity. As individuals we have many identities. We are: somebody’s son or daughter, employee, criminal counter-part, superman, funny, and so on. At university this concept also applies. Most of the time we are not students at all, we are other things—rugby players, computer freaks, frisbee-ites, philosophical enigmas, just to name a few. Only in exam times, or when that 40% assignment is due, do we all transform into the tortured student. Ha! Some of us even get-off on it.

Finally, there is such a thing as the temporal and the eternal, the immediate and the future. In the temporal we have to eat, sleep and play hackie-sack. In the eternal we have everything that constitutes our past and our future, we have our careers to think about. Both are important and neither transcend the other. Posing this to Madam Engineering student on the eve of her exams, “that’s pretty bloody hard to conceive when you’re faced with shit and a fan.”

For occasionally the two worlds collide.



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G-Force

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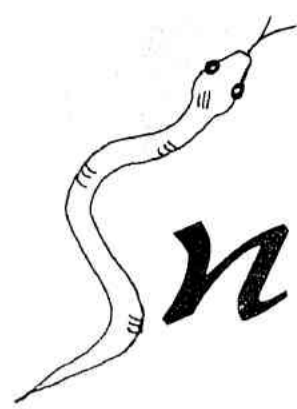
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university

nakes &



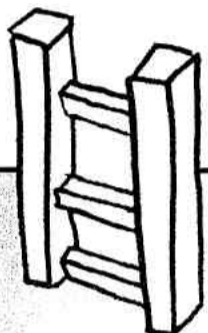
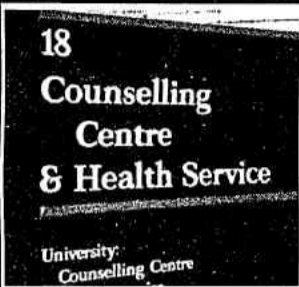
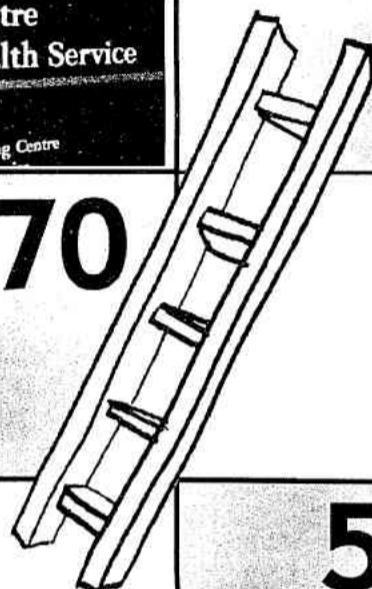

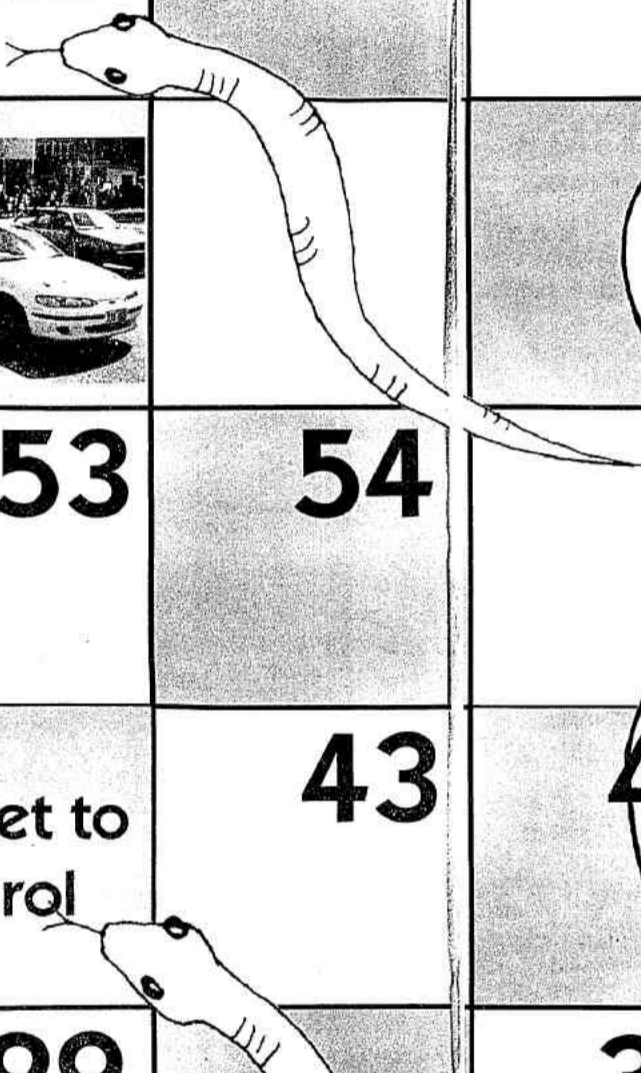
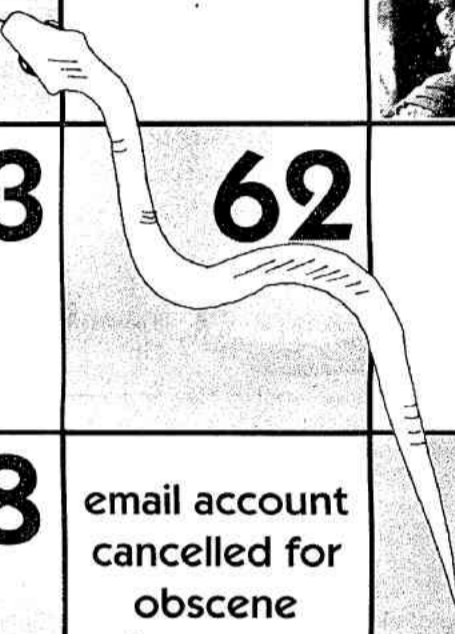



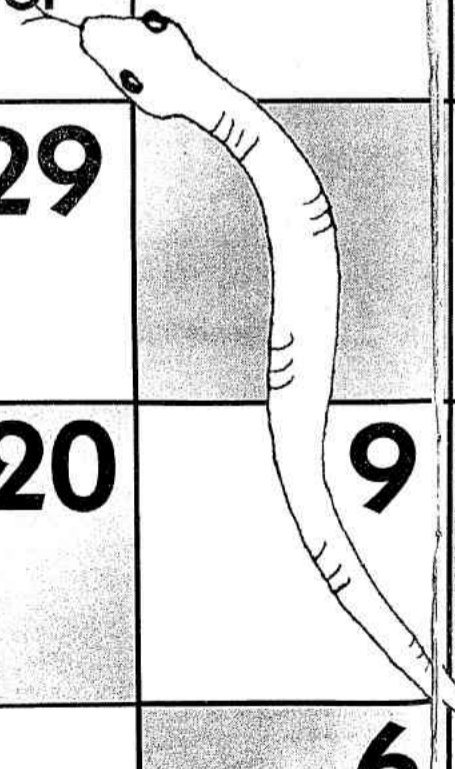


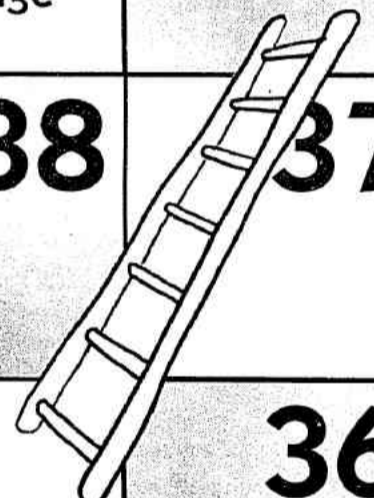


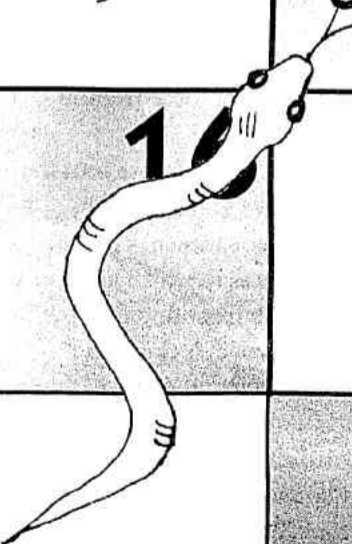
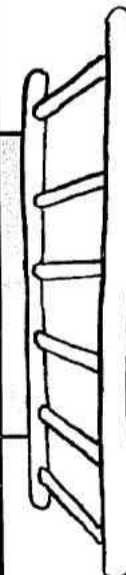

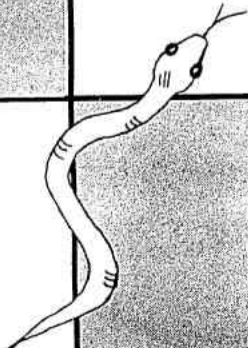
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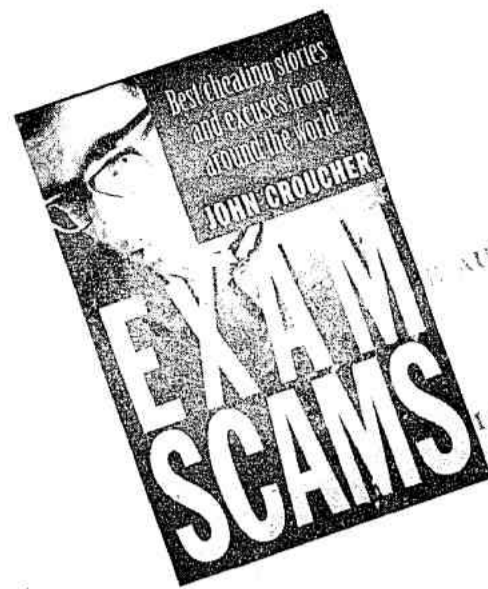
rules of the game

- 1 start at number one
- 2 first person to reach square number 84 wins
- 3 slide down the snakes
- 4 climb up the ladders

you will need:

- lots of beer
- one die
- some pieces
- too much time on your hands

| | | | | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|---|--|--|--|
| 73  get arrested at protest rally | 74  | 70  | It's not relevant anyway! | 78 misread exam timetable and miss exam  | 79 choke on fluff  | 81 spend rent money on beer  | 83  |
| 49 | 50 steal library book undetected | 52 | 53 | 54 | 56  score 100% in economics exam | 58 email account cancelled for obscene language | 60 |
|  | 46 run out of toilet paper - use essay | 43 forget to enrol  | 42 rig election undetected  | 40 crash car into concrete balls outside Sports Union  | 38 spew in Uni Bar  | 37 spew at Bar Slug | 36 |
| 25 | 26  | 27 | 28  | 29 | 31 | 32 | 30 spew in Uni Bar  |
| 24 edit woroni | 22 bonk head of faculty | 20  | 9 | 18  | 15 | 14 | 13 |
| 1  | 2 | 3 | 4 skinny-dip in the VC's pool | 6 | 7 | 8 | 10 |
| | | | | | | | 11 |
| | | | | | | | 12 |



THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
Annual Examination

cram

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
STATISTICS DEPARTMENT
1st Semester Examination - June 1995
ECONOMIC STATISTICS
(STAT1001)/(NCDS8032)

Study Period: 15 minutes
Time Allowed: 3 hours
Non-programmable portable calculators
Permitted materials: None
Candidates should attempt ALL Questions
for Questions 1 - 4 on a new page in your
answer book. Record your answers for
Question 5 on the separate
answer sheet provided.

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
Annual Examination 1995

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INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Or

Instruction to Candidates
PART A: Answer THREE questions.
PART B: Answer ONE question.

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
STATISTICS DEPARTMENT
1st Semester Examination - June 1995
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Permitted materials: None
Candidates should attempt ALL Questions
for Questions 1 - 4 on a new page in your
answer book. Record your answers for
Question 5 on the separate
answer sheet provided.

Scam

Modern
Semester Exam

Time Allowed: 15 minutes reading time plus 1 hour
Permitted materials: None
November 1995

For students who have not attempted the 1st semester assessment mark, the following conditions apply:

Study period: 60 minutes
Time allowed: 3 hours duration

Such students should attempt one question from Part A and two questions from Part B.

For students who attempted the 1st semester assessment and who do not wish to redeem their 1st semester assessment mark, the following conditions apply:

Study period: 40 minutes duration
Time allowed: 2 hours duration

Such students should attempt two questions from Part B.

We read about them, we dream about them, we wish we had the guts to perpetrate them, and we admire those few brave individuals who, rather than surrender to their ignorance, wage guerrilla warfare against ... the exam. Those that succeed and survive are revered and respected, a few go onto greater scams, while the rest of use mortals are condemned by our fear to spend these sunny days wreathed in the smell of frying neurones.

It's like a recurring nightmare; every 6 months, we are besieged by unexplained feelings of dread, accompanied by a desperate desire to emigrate and paranoid fear of anything resembling a textbook. Like lemmings poised on the edge of a cliff, our minds collectively turn to what are sometimes completely illogical schemes to rescue us from imminent doom and dishonour. This impulse is cleverly documented in the latest hot student book "Exams Scams" by John Croucher, which describes an amazing variety of scams, successful or otherwise, all with the simple aim of conning some unsuspecting administrator into awarding a completely undeserved pass mark. The following is a selection of scams from both John Croucher's book, and from the neurones of our very own ANU students.

The toilet provides what is, for most people, the most viable way of sneaking in those extra points. Answers have been written on the wall, the toilet roll and even in the toilet bowl, although Woroni recommends that you use an Artline Waterproof marker, and watch out for streaks! Alternatively, you could be a real prat and put Glad Wrap across the top - better safe than shat on. Writing on the wall has the distinct disadvantage of offering the answers not only to the intended user, but also to

any other smart cookie comes along - not ideal in the competitive university world.

The toilet also provides a cover-up for a multitude of other sins, such as communicating with an answers guru in the outside via the ubiquitous mobile phone. This was attempted by one desperate girl, but being a long exam, it took her a considerable amount of time to obtain the necessary answers, alerting the invigilator to the fact that unless she was suffering some tropical bowel disorder, foul play was afoot.

The body is a wonderful multi-purpose tool for the aspiring cheat; it can serve as material on which to scribble those key equations, it has many convenient pockets and orifices in which answers can be hidden (although waterproofing may be required). For example, 'Caroline's' long and meticulously maintained fingernails concealed comprehensive notes inscribed on long, rolled-up pieces of paper. Alternatively, notes can be imported on scrunched up pieces of paper shoved in bras, down trouser fronts or under caps, although some universities (not in Australia) have been known to strip search students, even getting suspect cheaters to remove their underwear.

Writing answers on various body parts is an age-old trick, although the latest variation I heard of

involved writing equations on one's willy then thinking dirty thoughts. Females have a distinct advantage over males in the sense that a skirt is much easier to hide things under than a pair of trousers, however chances are that glancing studiously at your crotch every ten minutes will attract the attention, if not of the invigilators, certainly of your fellow students.

In more desperate cases, can be used to provide copious quantities of vomit or tears to convince even the most hard-hearted of invigilators that you should get status. However, be warned, statements such as "I developed a sudden headache when I saw the exam paper" or "I have facial pains so I can't think clearly" hold about as much water as a paper sieve.

You could, however, try the interesting technique practiced by one 'Kevin', who, when the invigilator's back was turned, punched himself in the nose, precipitating a serious nosebleed all over the paper and answer book. In recognition of Kevin's obvious distress, he was given a four week extension on the exam, providing him with plenty of time to study. Vomiting is also a great way to discourage examiners from forcing you to remain in front of an exam paper, especially if you can produce a few streaks of blood (beetroot soup is great for this effect).

They say misery loves company, and nowhere is this more true than in an exam hall, leading to the inevitable formation of conspiring couples, joined in a pact to defeat the system and sail off into a sunset of high distinctions. Unfortunately, it doesn't always work out that way, especially if someone's acting skills are not as developed as their intellectual talents. The old trick of sitting

one behind the other, with the more capable brain in front, then on the pretense of a good stretch, dropping notes on the table behind him, is fraught with the dangers of overacting. Bear in mind, the human body only requires a good stretch every few hours, so doing it five times in twenty minutes is a pretty good way to draw the attention of even the blindest of geriatric invigilators.

The other answers conspiracy that is often indulged is the use of coded signals to exchange information. This can take the form of hand signals (scmaphore if you're near-sighted) or whole body positions. Exaggeration and over-ambition can give you away, especially when one starts to resemble a spider in a mating ritual. Keep it discreet, are the words from the Woroni guru.

Students cannot live by bread alone, which often provides justification for importing half the local deli and supermarket into the exam hall. After all, it is a well known fact that too much brain activity precipitates a raging hunger that, if unsatisfied, can lead the sufferer to consume his own face. Anyway, as described in John Croucher's book, one student discovered an ingenious method of smuggling answers into an

exam via a bottle of raspberry-flavoured mineral water, in a process known as 'snappling'. When the bottle was full with the red liquid, answers written on the inside of the label could not be seen, however, as the contents of the bottle were imbibed, the answers became clear.

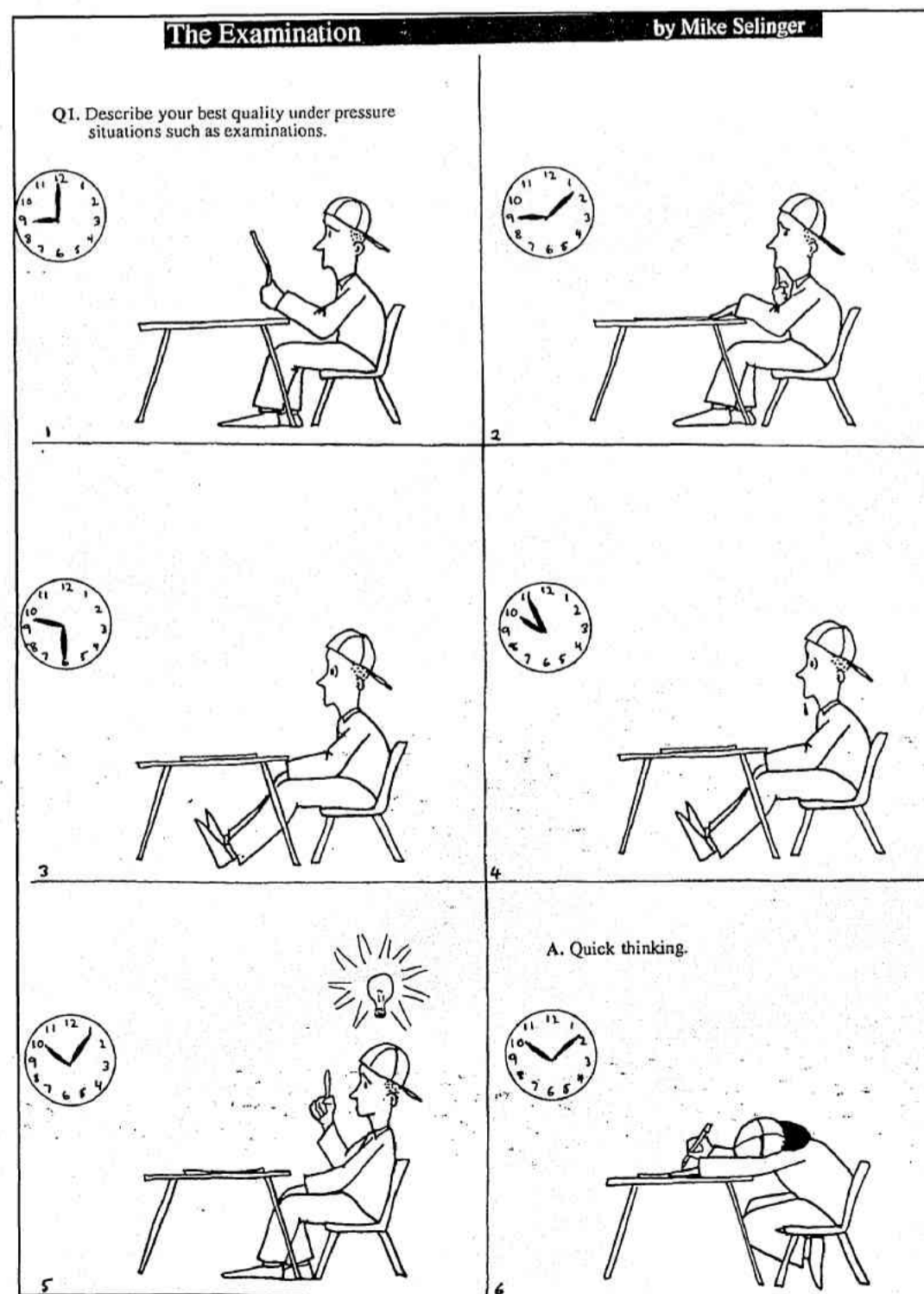
Perhaps the greatest achievement of an aspiring scammer would be to pull the wool directly over the rheumy and cataracted eyes of the invigilators and administrators. By far the most outrageous scam, and the one least likely to succeed more than once on this earth was conducted as follows: the individual in question fronted up to the exam, secure in the knowledge that he would fail should he not be able to scam. He sat at the desk, filled out the identity sheet and presented his student card as required, and duly recieved the examination paper. He sat through the length of the exam without writing so much as a curse on the paper, until the papers, including his untainted one, were collected up at the end.

Later when the papers were being marked, the blank paper was discovered and assumed to have been mixed up with the other papers by accident and thrown out. This left the total number of exam papers collected one short, and it was

realised that Max's (as he is known) paper was missing. He was contacted and questioned on the matter, but swore he was present during the exam and completed his paper; a fact supported by the collection of his identity card. This led to the conclusion that the faculty had lost his paper, and so sheepishly, they offered to credit him with an automatic pass, which he gratefully accepted.

The funniest thing about many of the attempted-but-failed scams was that the perpetrator was done over by his/her fellow classmates. This, I believe is a real shame; students should operate on an 'all for one and one for all' basis. It's strength in numbers, people.

Exam scamming can be sexy and fun, especially if you happen to be one of the few bastards who can get away with anything and who will undoubtedly succeed. However, it's usually a good idea to explore other more legitimate options for passing your exam, such as bribery or seduction, which usually have a higher success rate than cheating, and you're less likely to be excommunicated from this fine institution. Whatever your path, remember, if at first you don't succeed, you'll have plenty of time in the dole queue to practice.



exam essentials ✓

We asked some students on campus: If you could take anything into an exam, what would you take? Here are the somewhat disturbing results...

- A gun - insures good results regardless of the subject
- The answers
- Rum
- My professor
- God
- Chocolate, and lots of it
- Terrence Bethlehem (?)
- A six pack
- My sheepskin-covered hot water bottle - anything to feel warm and fuzzy
- Lecturer and bribe
- Fireworks
- My brain, with instructions manual
- Kramer's brain
- Money to bribe nerds for answers
- Tim Tams
- The Uni medallist from the year before
- Fax machine and mobile phone
- Ipecac syrup
- Voluntary euthanasia machine
- A whip, leather jockstrap and anything else to distract invigilators

Labor



Confessions of a political hack

As my last few weeks ever of life as an ANU student draw to a close, I am filled with overwhelming joy to be sitting here at my computer, about to begin my last ever political column for *Woroni*. However, it's time I owned up about something; despite the flippancy, cynicism, and pathetic sense of humour I have directed at this column for almost two years (unfortunately my sense of humour is normally pathetic and I can't do anything about it, even for *Woroni*), I have secretly enjoyed writing every word of it.

Not only that, but I have enjoyed being a student politician at ANU. Even weirder, I enjoy being involved in politics in the big world outside of university. The fact that I feel like I'm confessing a very dark secret has made me think quite reflectively about what it means to me to be political in Australia today. For me politics has been generally a very positive and worthwhile experience, so as a somewhat self-indulgent farewell I'll leave you with what I hope is a positive political message.

The greatest problems facing modern politicians, regardless of persuasion, are disillusionment, distrust, and cynicism by their electorate (whether at the campus, local, state, or federal level). Part of this is due to the fact that people are not so politically naive these days and I believe this is a good thing. Unfortunately, most people are skeptical of politicians because there are an awful lot of lying jokers about who'll promise almost anything to get themselves elected.

Don't fall for the "I'm not a politician" line when you're next casting your vote — they are, they're just not honest enough to admit it to you. At the same time, don't support politicians who score political hits only by cheap point scoring, even if it is amusing. I'll admit I've been guilty of making personal attacks; let's be honest, while it's far better to carefully and ruthlessly destroy someone's ideas by argument, sometimes cheap point scoring can be more fun, not to mention effective.

Rather than attacking Pauline Hanson for promoting views that are uninformed and designed to play on people's basic fears and insecurities, it's easier for me to ridicule her as nothing but a shrill fishwife who'd be lucky to spell multiculturalism, let alone understand it. While it might be tritely amusing, it's hardly incisive debate. Don't encourage us!

Don't give up on all politicians, surprisingly more than you think actually care, and don't expect dramatic political change to occur overnight. Despite the emphasis on short term policy solutions and only a three year political cycle (or one year at ANU), political change can take a long time; while victory came after a lot of hard work by this year's SA President, the battle for supplementary exams has been waged over several years and by many different people.

Finally, before I stop pretending to be writing anything of any worth, I'd like to thank the handful of people that I know read this each issue for making me feel just a little bit useful. Also special thanks to Karen, Anne, and Rosemary for making the SA and the Union such pleasant places to hang out, as well as to Will Mackerras and his splendidly worthwhile plans. To everybody else, get involved — you'll be surprised how much better you'll feel. Goodnight to you.

Yvette Martin

Socialist Worker Student Club



Vice-Chancellors back the Liberals
It didn't take long for the ANU admin to line up with the Liberal Government over funding cuts.

Our own VC Dean Terrell gave the Libs ringing endorsement over planned HECS increases. He has also proved an eager supporter of the Libs Workplace Relations Bill — he hates the fact that university staff should be able to resist his attacks on jobs, conditions and quality of education.

Pro Vice Chancellor Chris Burgess captured the admin's philosophy well, saying that "universities had a duty as crucibles of new ideas to be leading the charge" — in other words they should embrace the market and user-pays.

But embracing the market has done nothing for ordinary people. Labor spearheaded user-pays, privatisation and restructuring in the 1980s and early 90s. The result has been a lifetime of debt for many university students and little prospect of a decent job for 'the privilege' of studying for years in poverty. Labor's commitment to the market saw Australia become the second most unequal country in the industrialised world.

The Libs and the VC's want to continue this charge. Increasing the power of business and the rich sits nicely with VC Terrell, he's already on over \$200 000 and has just chalked up another 10 per cent pay rise.

At the same time he wants to sack a further 261 staff at the ANU. Twenty nine positions could go from the Arts Faculty alone, that's a 20 per cent cut, which can only mean to more overcrowding, less courses on offer, and less tutorials. He also just introduced four more full up-front fees for Development Studies and increased fees for legal workshop by another \$1500.

But Terrell and the admin won't always have it their own way. On Thursday 10 October students showed the admin the brunt of their anger over their siding with the Libs as they marched to the Chancery to present their demands to the Pro VC. This action, and more like it, is the way to show these businessmen that we won't allow them to sacrifice the quality of our education, nor the equal access to it. At Melbourne Uni recently students forced their admin to backdown over plans to abolish the Classics department through similar actions.

We also need to stand united with the staff. They are suffering the same pressure as students. Cuts in pay, jobs and conditions for staff is the other side of attempts to make students to pay more fees and more for essential course materials. Students should support staff bans on releasing exam results to the admin — it's one small step in disrupting 'business as usual' — the only language that the Libs and the boss class understand.

Luke Harrison

Resistance



Racism and free speech

Following Pauline Hanson's now infamous speech in Parliament Howard proclaimed that under his government people are able to "talk about certain things without living in fear of being branded as a bigot or as a racist." This implicit condoning of outright racism under the guise of free speech continues Howard's racist tradition, from his attacks on Asian immigration in 1988 to his more recent rampage against "political correctness". Joining Hanson and Howard is Aboriginal affairs minister John Herron, arguing that a lot of Aboriginal people benefited from the policy of forced separation (an act of attempted genocide which inflicted on stolen children sexual and physical abuse, starvation, medical neglect and labour exploitation, the legacy of which still impacts severely on the lives of aboriginal people today.)

But Hansen's protests against "special treatment" for minority groups become quickly exposed when you look at the facts. To name just a few, life expectancy for Aborigines is 18 to 20 years lower than for other Australians, one hundred Aborigines have died in custody since 1989, and 48% of Aborigines attain schooling below year 10 or have no formal education. The Howard government's latest attacks on land rights are further indication of just what sort of "special treatment" the indigenous population is given. Despite the rhetoric about free speech, and about a fair deal for everyone, the Coalition government is overtly racist, and is deliberately attempting to enforce racial oppression.

The recent dousing with petrol and setting alight of a young Aboriginal boy

was a disgusting act of hatred which we are likely to see more of if Howard, Hanson, Herron and the like continue to create a climate in which rampant racism is deemed acceptable. Howard's revering of "Free Speech" in reality equates to the freedom of bigots and racists to violate the human rights of others. Free speech is not something that everyone has the ability to exercise equally. If you're a federal minister then you'll get a good shot at expressing your views, and likewise if you're one of the few that monopolises ownership of the mass media. But for most of us, and in particular those systematically discriminated against, access to the means of mass communication is denied.

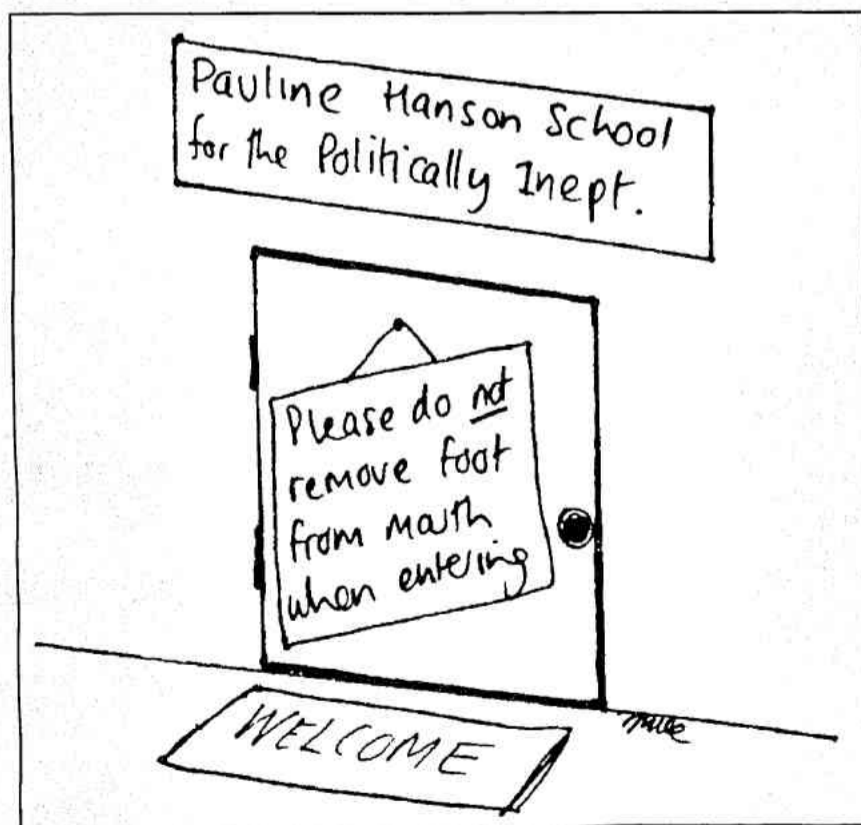
The only way we'll defeat racism is by a broadly based independent political campaign involving students, trade unionists, Aborigines, ethnic minorities and all genuinely democratic-minded individuals to marginalise and eradicate these views and to challenge the social system which creates and encourages them.

Get active - fight back!

There is a need now more than ever to fight against the continuing attacks of the Liberal Government. If you're fed up with the heightening levels of racism, the moves to make education a privilege of the rich, the continuing attacks on migrants, women and the environment then don't just get depressed about it - give us a call and get involved in actively doing something about it!

Resistance has plenty of activity planned over the Christmas break, so give us a call on 247 2424 to find out more or get involved.

Kerryn Williams



We're all rooted out!

Farewell, you groovy bent folk on campus and beyond! The Sexuality Department (and associated Officers) are winding down as we all approach the E-word (and no, I don't mean disco biscuits). And what a year it's been. Please allow me to show off how wonderful we are, and how much we've done.

The year got off to a flying start with our legendary O-Week Market Day Stall, which attracted its fair share of student attention (nothing like free condoms to draw a crowd). Hopefully lots of people found out about the Sexuality Department and Jellybabies on that day. There's no better way to be kept up to date than by putting your name down on the Jellybabies mailing list. Moving on from that, the next event the Sexuality Department undertook was the very successful ACT Queer Film Festival, which we presented in association with Electric Shadows and the AIDS Action Council of the ACT. This was a fantastic event which drew a packed house on opening night, and consistent

crowds throughout the Festival. It was a massive undertaking, and thanks must go to our co-presenters for being fantastic to work with, and for being loads of fun in the process! From the Department's perspective, the Film Festival was an excellent way to make ourselves and the services we provide known to a really wide range of people, and to put Queer people in the public consciousness.

We held a GLAM cocktail party towards the end of first semester with the same objective of awareness. Co-presented with the Women's Office, this ritzy affair created a lot of interest through eye-catching advertising, a groovy concept, and of course, because it was US who presented it! It was also a whole heap of fun.

Queer Collaborations was a really valuable opportunity to network with other queer university students, in a context of stimulating discussions about what it means to be queer at university, and in the wider world. I refer readers to

our earlier article in Woroni if they are interested in finding out some more of what happened at QC '96.

In the next couple of weeks, you all should be seeing the fruits of the last few weeks of our toil. The "Out In Space" poster



campaign will be making itself very visible very shortly, and I am sure you'll all be impressed by the groovy graphic design. Grab a postcard, check out the posters, and keep our contact details handy; you never know when you might need them!

Much less visible than all these efforts, though absolutely vital, has been our ongoing work as a

referral service and source of information about what's available in Canberra. People have contacted us regularly throughout the year with all sorts of questions regarding sexuality, services in Canberra, where to go to have a fun time at night, anything really. Gay men, lesbians, straights, bi's... we've chatted to you all! We hope we've been able, through meeting with and giving information to these people, to be of some help.

We have had a fantastic working relationship with many service providers in Canberra. In particular, thanks go out to Stephen Lawton, the Campus HIV/AIDS Educator, and the AIDS Action Council for all their help and generosity throughout the year. Stephen gave Jellybabies a real kick in the arse when it needed it most, and the Council were most obliging in allowing us to use their space for meetings and other functions.

Finally, some gripes. To the person who complained about our Superman logo: I hope our

reply in the esteemed "letters" section of Woroni assuaged your masochistic tendencies, but if not, we'll say it again: get a life. And have a nice Christmas. To Bianca, horny-sex-slut-groovy-WoroniEditor: what happened to the shot of my arse?? I toned up 'specially!

Good luck in your exams, fellow students. Give us a call if you've got any queries whatsoever. You *know* I'll be just waiting by that phone... waiting...

Your friendly sexuality officer Julian Coldrey
The Department can be contacted on:
Ph: 249 2444
Email: sexdep@student.anu.edu.au
URL: http://student.anu.edu.au/Dept/Sexuality_Dept/
or we'll be in our office (located at the Students' Association) every Tuesday afternoon between about 1pm and 2pm.

Julian Coldrey

Housing Online

Need a place to live?

Accommodation information and a listing of properties and rooms available on the private rental market is now on the Internet through the CIS Home Page.

URL: <http://cis.anu.edu.au/Housing/housing.html>

For more information contact the Housing Referral Service Officer on 243 3100 or 018 623 860.

This service is brought to you by the ANU Housing Office.

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SA Secondhand Bookshop notice

At the end of October, all books which were placed in the SA Secondhand Bookshop and which have not been sold or collected by their owners will become the property of the Students' Association.

If you wish to retrieve your books, please arrange to do so this month.

The Last Croak — Fluff You.

Everyone at the ANU has their own reasons for hating the infamous fluff. For some it marks the beginning of the festive season known as final exams, and a period of hitherto unknown stress (since this time the previous year)—we all know that diabolical and annoying statement of wisdom “If you haven’t started to study by the time the fluff falls you’ll fail your exams” (although for most of us study mightn’t begin until well after Oktoberfest). For others the coming of the fluff marks an occasion when, being sprung the love and light of our lives has decided to make good in the time of change and dump you... possibly to begin studying. We eye our partners and this time of year with nothing less than suspicion, which probably help along the process. Of course surely all of us dislike the itchy, snotty, allergic reaction of hay fever experienced directly when we discover fluff in our eyes, nose mouth, ears and genitals (it gets *everywhere*). I’ve seen you, scurrying around like ants as you did back when the weather was cold, with newspapers, text books or sleeves placed at various locations for ineffectual protection, or unable to lie down on the Chifley lawn in the warmer weather with those more loyal partners because of the inconvenience. I guarantee that no one likes the fluff.

I have my own reasons for disliking the fluff. Exams don’t scare me, I’m invariably single at any time of the year anyway (*Woroni* is all I need) and I like sneezing. However I can’t stand all the sordid stories mates tell me of their latest conquests—have your sex outta my face! So along comes this fucking fluff (and I do mean fucking) and what is it? Fluff is the sex life of those trees! I’m right, aren’t I? And I don’t want to know. I don’t care. They should cut those fuckers down for indecent exposure. At least when your flat mate is having sex in the next room as loud as can be *you* don’t get his or her partner’s pubic hair up your nostrils. Talk of the fluff also reminds me that this is my last column. Most won’t know or care about this, and fair enough. Thanks also to you few who actually read this stuff. Most of what I have written over this past year is incomprehensible, or at least very personal. Because of that, I feel like I’ve come to know you all really well, although that may stem from the fact that I knew most of you already, and you only read this because I make you. I have had some feedback, and so thank you, also, for that. Thank you also to that member of John’s College who has (for, I believe, reasons of ethnic background, rather than amphibian worship) one of my columns stuck up on his door. I was pleased and flattered to see someone at least noticed the little frog symbols on this column (pathetic isn’t it?). I guess this has been my personal learning experience—it’s got some things clear in my mind—I’ve been writing mainly my personal philosophy in this column; you may recall I vowed never to deal with politics (which is other peoples’ philosophy), except to say that one’s as bad as the other. Well evidence is showing that one can be as worse as the other, and so I sit corrected. However, if I can say one last, important, thing, and that is there are important, fabulous things that we will never see if we don’t question and don’t argue. They just don’t come up in our prioritised lives. My mission was to do anything to make you all think about something (short of beating thoughts into you). Don’t be an ant; frogs eat ants (and frogs get run over by buses).

Take care friends and casual browsers. See you next time around.
Tree-Frog

Tree-Frog is small, green and cynical and arrogant. He would like to think that the small, insignificant, cynical and arrogant things he does in his lifetime will one day be regarded as the greatest achievements in the history of mankind.



Reclaim the Night

Despite the media telling us we live in a post-feminist world, every year women still need to organise “Reclaim the Night” marches, to demand the right to walk the streets at night and be safe from sexual violence. We still need to declare that ‘Yes means yes, No means no, However we dress and wherever we go!’. By joining the Reclaim the Night march, women are creating a safe space for themselves at night.

The facts are: women have a one in three chance of being raped; one in four women will be sexually assaulted by the age of 18; domestic violence occurs in one in three families, on at least one occasion. In 1991 42% of females murdered were killed by their spouses, whereas 6% of males murdered were killed by their spouses.

Reclaim the Night marches began overseas twenty years ago, and began nationally in Australia eighteen years ago. When we go to Reclaim the Night events we are opposing the violence against women perpetuated by this society. This not only includes rape, domestic violence and sexual harassment, but includes the reality that women earn around 60% of male wages, and that society, particularly through the media promotes role models that encourage the ‘beauty myth’. These images are linked to the proliferation of eating disorders. Women’s reproductive rights are still inadequate - though the High Court has abandoned the hearing which challenged the legality of abortion, this medical procedure is still on the crimes acts in all states. On campus we

still need to campaign against sexual harassment and sexual assault.

Reclaim the Night this year has been organised by a collective involving ANU and UCan Students, Resistance members, women working in the services for survivors of rape and domestic violence, trade and student union activists. The slogans for the rally are:

- feminism,
- freedom from rape and domestic violence,
- reproductive rights,
- childcare,
- free education,
- jobs,
- economic security,
- freedom of sexuality,
- health services,
- cultural freedom,
- children’s rights,
- women’s services,
- legal aid,

These demands reflect the need to fight for our rights in the face of a backlash. This comes in the guise of Howard’s ‘Family Policy’. This includes measures such as cuts in childcare funding. This is encouraging a return to the past where a woman’s ‘proper’ role was to be full-time unpaid childcarer and homemaker (is that really the way to solve unemployment??). In addition there is the backlash against ordinary people in general. We are seeing unprecedented cuts to education, social security, austudy, ATSIIC, jobs, and health. Such attacks affect all of us, women, men, young people, students, Aboriginals, migrants, all except perhaps the Kerry Packers of the world!

If you want to help stop violence against women, fights

sexism, and reclaim our rights to a quality life join this years rally.

Reclaim the Night, this year is on Friday October 25, people are asked to come Garema Place at 6:00 pm, there will be entertainment from Roseannes Daughters then a rally starting at 6:30 pm, to which all are welcome, this will be followed by a women’s march in Civic to... ‘RECLAIM THE NIGHT’. After the rally will be a dance for women at Tilley’s, at 9:00 pm, featuring Machitun, proceeds



will be used to help cover costs and further women’s rights.

P. S. Those interested in campaigning for women’s rights should keep a look out for the launch of the International Women’s Day collective which will be organising for March 8, 1997...and later down the track join the 1997 Reclaim the Night collective.....

For more information call Kamini on 247 2424.
Kamini Junankar

Sexual Harassment at ANU

Near the end of last year, I became the President of the Student Association. It was during that time, a student took a sexual harassment case against a lecturer off campus to court. The student stated that nobody was listening to her claim and the university was inadequate in dealing with the situation. This claim prompted an internal investigation into the sexual harassment procedure at ANU. The committee chaired by the Deputy Vice-Chancellor, M Poole, other internal staff and two lonely students (Kim Vella, President of Parsa and me). It felt like the police investigating the police. It was extremely difficult to explain to those in power that sexual harassment is an issue. The usual line I got back was that CCASH was successful yet they had no outcome studies. How could they make such claims? Power can claim anything to be true. Present sexual Harassment Procedures.

Presently, if you’re a student

being sexually harassed there are basically four options. Firstly, you can arrange to see a contact person and discuss the problem.

If you feel that you would like the harassment to stop and are unable to stop the harasser, then the next option is Council Committee Against Sexual Harassment (CCASH). The role of CCASH is to mediate between the two parties. The alleged and allexer are given a panel member. The panel members negotiate on their behalf. The matter is confidential and no report is kept of the parties involved.

If you still feel unsatisfied then you can write a letter to the Vice-Chancellor and register a complaint. This complaint may or may not be heard and the Vice-Chancellor may not disclose to you what is actually happening.

The last option is go to the Human rights equal opportunity commission, or ACT discrimination commission.

Future changes
No changes to the above system, just another level.

If you would like your complaint to be reviewed you can go on to what is called the review committee which establishes whether there is a prima facie case. The committee members are drawn from the outside community. If there is, then the complaint can be processed, through to the Vice-Chancellor. This is where the disciplinary award procedure can be implemented.

At the review stage the alleged harasser name can be record and kept on a separate file.

A budget of around \$60,000 has been allocated for increased level of educating and training contact officers, the rewriting of the redbook and new pamphlets.

It took over 20 committee meetings and hard work to prove that indeed sexual harassment is an issue. It is now a year later. Hopefully these changes will be implemented.

Pip Bolding

the other side

In need of a bullet...

As the end of the University year approaches and with it the finality of exams, so too we reach the final episode of this year's incarnation of *Woroni*. That being the case, there are certain final-column conventions that should be upheld for the sake of tradition. However, I have never been conventional nor particularly traditional, and thus bugger propriety to hell, I'm going to totally ignore the boundaries placed on everyone else. There will be no morbid remonstrations on 'the end, my only friend' (thank you Mr Mojo Risin), nor hackneyed descriptions of frantically cramming students and the falling of the fluff on Union Court. No, those are subjects for others to rehash. And I'm not going to serve you my usual wild and wacky story of substance abuse and vice either. No, this is going to be a short lamentation on the nature of the human condition, the student condition, or at least my condition, so feel free to divert your gaze now if you're not interested. And yes, that does include you, my two fans out there.

I am no longer in Canberra. I am writing this from Sydney, away from the clutches of lecturers and tutors and final term hysteria. I actually deferred near the start of semester when it was clear that 'studying' would be a pointless and wasteful exercise until I rediscovered a feeling for it. I stayed in college though because they didn't kick me out, and basically continued to live the uni life except that I worked 60 hours a week instead of attending classes and reading textbooks. Unfortunately I still feel the same now as when I deferred. I have reached a *turning point* - one of those 'moments' in life that can be of any duration, and which only end when life starts moving in a direction again. I have been in this limbo, for about 4 months now and have moved up here to Manly for a while to see if I can find a

direction, any direction along which to proceed.

What does all this matter to you? A good question. Well, to a lot of you it won't matter because you know who you are and where you're going, but to some others it may matter because you may be feeling much the same way as I was and still am. Are you enrolled in uni but not studying, failing not because you're stupid but because you seem to have backed yourself into a corner... the wrong subjects, the wrong course, the wrong institution, the wrong lifestyle, the wrong home-life, the wrong friends? Any of these factors can lead you into a corner and place your life in limbo, and anyone who has been in one of these bummed-out funks will know that it's the most desperate feeling you can have apart from feeling that you are losing your sanity. That has happened to me as well, but that is another story.

So you're feeling unmotivated and unhappy and desperate, and you want to know why you don't feel like you did six months ago when everything was going along just fine, when you knew and were satisfied with where you were going. I don't really think the 'why?' question is very important. What is important is getting back to having a direction and being satisfied by it. How to get there I really don't know though in a couple of months I hope to be able to tell you. What I do know is that the way that I'm going to go about finding a new direction is by chasing a dream. Actually, a better way to put that is 'a hope', since dreams have a habit of crumbling when you wake up whereas hopes are attainable and, at the core of it, the reason we all bother going on with life. Shit, I sound like one of those guys hocking motivational tapes on late-night TV.

So now you ask "what have you told me that I don't already know?" Another fair question. Well, on the surface I haven't told you much, but if you feel like I have described I think I have. Firstly, if you are failing and feeling miserable and it's

because you don't know where you're going any more, don't just keep doing the same thing. Break out! Nobody I know was very happy when I deferred for a second time, but hell it's my life and there's no point just going back and failing again. Believe me, if you feel like this you can't motivate or shame yourself into a way out of it either, just like you can't move a train further down the line if there are no more tracks - you've got to find the new tracks first otherwise you'll just keep backing up to go forward once more and hit the same dead-end. Secondly, don't be unrealistic in your break-out otherwise you'll get nowhere. I didn't move up here to try and become a pro basketball player - I made the move to get heavily into writing which may realistically lead me somewhere. I'm also philosophical about the move in that if it doesn't work out I'll find something else, which leads on to my final point. If you do move on now, that doesn't mean you can't go back later. I mean, I'm not going to throw away 2 years of a degree just because I can't finish it now - in fact one of my top priorities is to rediscover a zest for study and finish my degree.

Thus you have an unconventional final column - an exercise in ego and self-importance that only I could convincingly engage in. While the rest of the paper goes completely silly for the final edition, I get all serious. The irony is simply elegant. Normally I'd have planned it that way, but the strange thing is that this time it's an accident because I couldn't have written a funny word today if they'd paid me. The *forewritten* is all true; I am lost (listen to the Badloves song of the same title - very soothing when in this condition) and without direction but struggling hard not to be. I hope that this final column of 1996 helps someone out there, and that throughout the rest of the year I was far more amusing. I'm applying for the position of *Woroni* 'agony aunt' next year.

The Angst-Ridden Other Side

the ferret squeaks

Here at the end of all things

We expect a lot, in our television-bred culture, of final episodes. We seem to think that the last instalment must also be the best, that in something's conclusion there should also be its culmination. We expect the final episode to tie everything off, sum everything up, make it all better and make us never forget. Perhaps it is somewhat inevitable that such an attitude almost invariably leads to disappointment, particularly with television. It's all a question of expectation - I don't know how many times I've breathlessly waited for the final episode of some show which I've followed religiously for years, only to turn away from the TV in betrayal and disgust at its crappy final episode. Witness the final episode of *The Wonder Years*, for example. I loved that show. Kevin was every-kid, and we could all relate to him and the paradigms of childhood which the show invoked. When I heard that the last episode was coming up, I was desperate to see it. But, watching it, well - it was crap. The magic was gone - Kevin had become just another annoying, whining, fat American kid, and Winnie, well, Winnie was always kind of pathetic, but now she was turgid and snotty as well. Or the final episode of *Next Gen*, which, if kind of cute, was equally insipid. And what about the final episodes of *Mad About You* - all that build up, and it turns out the ads were the best bit. It was pathetic.

Of course there are exceptions. The *Degrassi* movie which, regardless of what you think about Tessa Capanelli, was certainly courageous in its willingness to split up its major couples, dissipate its main characters, and then imprison or disable the rest its cast. Or the final episode of *G-Force*, in which you finally got to see Zoltar, and which provided fertile evidence for all those 'Zoltar was really a woman' theories. (I think it was the long hair - when you're eleven years old, that's about the only basis for gender distinction you've got.) The last episode of *Northern Exposure* was satisfying purely by virtue of that cool song which they played at the end. But generally speaking, the last episode is never as good as you think it's going to be. And the reaction is usually not just disappointment, but passionate rage. Where does such anger come from? We feel betrayed. The last episode has to be the best. That's a lot of pressure to place on something. It's not really surprising that often our expectations simply can't be met. Either we hate it because it's too self-aggrandising, or too sentimental; because nothing happens, or because there's too much change. Perhaps it is, quite simply, that we don't want it to end. We get to the credits and then wait for a 'next week' bit which never happens, and we realise that it's over. Of course it's going to be disappointing.

I think that happens in life, as well. We yearn for closure—in our relationships, our careers, our studies—and when it happens we need it to be imbued with significance; we need to be able to indicate some point and say, 'this is the end.' We want, if not to vanish behind the cardboard horizon, then at least to have the pan out, fade down, music-swells-kind-of-finish which TV tells us we deserve. We want to believe that stories have happy endings, that all you need is love, that the good guy always wins—but somehow it just doesn't work out like that. And that's a terrible expectation to have—jesus, if it can't happen in *E-Street*, how is it supposed to happen in real life?

So with the final edition of *Woroni*, and thus the final *Ferret*, I admit that I feel a certain amount of pressure. Call it performance-anxiety. But if retrospectivity is inevitable in these situations then at least it can be brief. As (relatively) pleased as I am with what has emerged in this column throughout the year, I am more proud of the temptations I have managed to resist - whining about my personal life in the pursuit of that peculiar form of public psychological purging which is the *Woroni* columnist's right and privilege; talking about my friends and their problems, making oblique references to them, and jokes which only they will really get (because quite frankly they're the only ones who read the damn thing anyway); spiralling into pretentious moralising or invective rage. Well, at least I've avoided the invective rage. But what I've tried to do is just talk about the things it seems people our age always talk about, and love to talk about—*Star Wars*, *Lego*, high school, *The Muppet Show*—the things which, growing up, we all shared.

I really don't know how many people have read this column throughout the year, though I suspect the numbers have varied (I have estimates of figures in single, double and, perhaps most confusingly (if least surprisingly) negative digits). Regardless, I hope that over the course of the year you have found at least something here with which you have identified. For I still maintain that there is a common level at which we are all equal, that growing up at the same time we do have a common history, a legacy, and that it is something of which we should be proud. So if this column is neither self-aggrandising, nor self-depreciatory, it is at least self-conscious—after all, if it does not end with a roar, it should, at least, with a squeak.

The Ferret

19 *Woroni* 24 October 1996

need to get textbooks
out of your sight?
bring them to the second hand
bookshop, in your friendly
students' association

It's Goodbye from Me

Wadgate

Every year the Students' Association is asked to find a number of students to sit on the polling table during the elections, to give out ballot papers, cross off names etcetera. This year the Registrar made the same request, and it is customary for the Treasurer to make these appointments. I saw no reason not to allow the Treasurer to make these appointments this year. While he was running as a candidate in the election, I judged the capacity for using the polling officers to cheat was negligible. I will explain this in more detail later. I also agreed with him that he should gain cross party agreement for the appointments. Matthew Tinning could have vetoed any particular appointment. He did not.

I have thought the matter through very carefully, and it still not clear to me how you could *successfully* cheat in an election unless you had access to the ballot boxes after the polling had concluded. The Deputy Registrar had complete control of the ballot boxes whenever they were not open. This means the only way to cheat would be to place extra ballot papers in when the polls were open. To do this in a significant way would be an immensely difficult enterprise. This is why.

In the Students' Association elections there are five positions in which every student is entitled to vote—President, Treasurer, General Secretary, Woroni, General Representative. Most students who vote cast ballots for all these positions. That is why the total number of ballots in the box for each position tend to be very close. This year the range was only 18 in an election where over 1000 people voted. If you decide to cheat in only one of the positions, you will immediately arouse suspicion, because the vote for one of the positions would be noticeably higher than the total vote for each of the other positions. This year it was around 150 votes higher. Even if someone had not seen someone stuff the wads of papers in, the scandal would nevertheless have broken when the vote for President turned out to be so much higher than for the other positions. In addition, there was the likelihood that the wads would have been noticed during the counting.

To avoid this problem you would need to cheat equally for each position. If you wanted to cheat by 50 votes for each position, this would necessitate stuffing 250 papers in the box. If you wanted to cheat by 100 votes, this would need 500 ballot papers. A 150 vote effort would require 750 ballot papers going into the box. Please tell me how you could do this without being noticed at least once.

I am not trying to pretend that the procedure was adequate. It was not, and we'll fix it. I am saying that the ability to cheat when you don't have the ballot boxes overnight is very limited. Let's remember that Wadgate wasn't successful, and that it didn't even come close to being successful, principally because of the safeguards put in place by the Students' Association four years ago.

The "Horse" (news pages, Woroni edition 9) claims that it was unacceptable for myself and Yvette Martin to help count the votes. This is rubbish. Yvette and I helped in order to save the Students' Association money. We both donated our services for free. Needless to say there is no claim from anyone at all that I cheated in the election. On the

contrary, I have spent countless hours interviewing people and checking ballot papers for clues.

At this stage I don't think we will ever get to be absolutely sure of who did it. There just isn't enough solid evidence. I will be very surprised if the Committee of Disputed Returns gets us anywhere, but I will of course be helping it in every way possible.

Good bye Daniel

The Treasurer, Daniel Jenkins, has resigned from the Students' Association Executive. This is **absolutely not** an admission of guilt in the Wadgate saga. I can assure you that it was largely a response to Students' Association issues unrelated to the election, and that he made the decision to resign before the Students' Association elections, should he lose.

It's depressing to see Daniel get attacked for his alleged failings as Treasurer, particularly by the Counterattack ticket. It will be interesting to see how well the Welfare Committee operates next year. Historically this committee has been a joke, and it didn't do much when Daniel was Chair because it only had two members. The success of the Committee is not so much the responsibility of the Chair as the responsibility of the President, who deals with welfare issues and should call on its assistance when required. I made most of the running on these issues this year and didn't ask the Welfare committee to do anything. If it wasn't a success, this was mostly my fault, not Daniel's.

If the Welfare Committee gets its act together next year, good. But if it doesn't, I suppose everyone will be even more cynical about student politicians who attack their predecessors and fail to do a better job when they get in. We'll see.

ANU Endowment

Council accepted at its October meeting my proposal to put \$200,000 of next year's General Services Fee in to the ANU Endowment, the interest on this money being used for bursaries for students in ANU Halls. This arrangement will probably continue for five years, and the student money will be matched by the University. We should go from having 35 bursaries this year to around 125 in five years' time. This is much needed now that the ACT Government has withdrawn rent assistance from full time students in the private rental market.

The proposal attracted fierce opposition from postgraduate students, and I have been surprised at the indifference among undergraduates. I will explain again why this scheme is marvellous.

The University will match the student contribution dollar for dollar. This represents an increased commitment to low cost accommodation on the University's part. It is hard to say whether we would have been able to extract \$1 million from the University without the student contribution, but I think it is definitely the case that there will be \$1 million more for bursaries than there otherwise would have been.

The scheme will not mean an increased GSF, and it is the best way to rein in the capital component of the GSF over the long term. Some have argued that we could have got a \$20 reduction in the GSF if I hadn't suggested the endowment scheme. This is rubbish. A number of Council members spoke strongly against

a reduction in the GSF. It would never have happened. This is frustrating, because both the undergraduate and postgraduate students' associations have argued that the University is collecting far too much capital in the GSF for what the requirements are. Peer Group unanimously recommended a \$30 Capital Development Levy, but the University has a tendency to collect more that it needs just in case something pops up in the future.

My position on this is that if we fail to persuade the University to collect only what it needs, then we should use the surplus money for something constructive and useful rather than letting it sit around for the indefinite future. This is how the endowment idea was born.

The obvious problem with the proposal is that every student is contributing to provide bursaries from which only a few will benefit. The first response to this is that *no* student benefits if the money is sitting in the bank. Every student will benefit in the long term, and for this we can be grateful to the postgraduate students for putting up a strong fight to stop the endowment proposal going ahead.

The University is fully aware of the political difficulties associated with the scheme, which is totally unprecedented in Australian Universities. Student representatives will be able to draw attention to these political difficulties whenever the University wants to increase the GSF or use it to fund a new purpose, such as Health and Counselling.

Next year's Students Association should look toward the possibility of a cap on the capital component of the GSF for the next four years, until the point at which the student contribution to the ANU endowment winds up. They could argue that if we are expecting students to make what is in essence a selfless contribution to the future of the University, as well as to other more financially disadvantaged students, then they should get some benefit from it. If the University decides that building requirements demand a higher capital component in the next four years, then every student will think that but for the student contribution to the ANU endowment they wouldn't be paying such high fee. A cap on the Capital Component would be justified politically in his sense, but I would also argue that we don't need a higher building levy in any case.

So in the long term, I think that our chance of avoiding a higher GSF is enhanced by the student contribution to the ANU endowment. Thus everyone benefits, not just the 90 or so students who will benefit each year from the extra provision of bursaries. These should amount to around \$40 per week.

ACT Government Rent Assistance

I arranged for the Vice-Chancellor to send a letter to Kate Carnell, expressing grave concern about the decision to prevent full time students receiving any rent assistance from the ACT Government.

I have also written to the relevant people, and investigated the possibility of stopping the measure in the Legislative Assembly.

Reading Bricks

My election promise to reduce the cost of reading bricks is proceeding happily enough. The University has conducted a banking tender, and the winning bank is

probably going to set up shop where the University's cashier is. You will then pay your reading brick money directly to the bank, who will put it in the University account. This will save the University a huge amount in staff costs for cash handling. This means that the cost you pay will be closer to what it actually costs the University to produce the brick.

I should say that increased paper costs mean the actual price of bricks might not go down, but the cash handling changes should make the bricks cheaper in the long term than they otherwise would have been. I hope this is enough to satisfy the promise.

Library photocopying

My other shameless pork barrelling election promise was to reduce the cost of library photocopying. This is not going so happily. Part of the University's banking tender involves giving each student a "smart" ID card. This will allow you to swipe your card to charge it up with photocopy points and then use it in the photocopy. If this can be arranged it should save the cost of the paper we currently use. Hopefully this means the cost per copy will be lower, but there is a lot more work to do on that one. I have secured agreement with my successor that he will allow me to stay on the library committee as the undergraduate student representative. I will keep at this one.

Exam Timetable

I and other student representatives put a lot of work into relieving some of the pressures on the exam timetable, but not with much success. The University has purchased a new timetabling program which I am told will do wonders for the exam timetable. We'll see.

Supplementary Exams

One promise I did keep was to persuade the University to introduce automatic further examination for students who fail their unit due to poor final exam performance. You have to be on 50 or above before you get into the exam room, and your final result has to be 45 or above to qualify. The exam has to be compulsory, and it doesn't include laboratory exams, but that still leaves many students who will benefit.

Harry Greenwell, Douglas Guilfoyle and Arthur Gretton helped with the lobbying, and Matthew Tinning, Rachel Standfield and Heidi Zwar helped with formulating the proposal. Much thanks to them.

Due to administrative difficulties support will not be available until first semester exams next year. I have already whinged about this in a previous report, and I my efforts to hurry the matter along neither have been nor are likely to be successful. So don't count on them for these exams.

Industrial Action

Much thanks to the National Tertiary Education Union for taking some of the heat off students in their dispute with University over their well deserved pay increase, and shame on the Federal Government for not giving the University the money to deal with it.

Three general staff unions agreed to accept the University's offer, but the NTEU will battle on. They have lifted their ban on exams, which would have created chaos, but are continuing with the ban on results. Lets hope the dispute can be resolved before results day.

I have to criticise the Federal Government once again. By not giving the University the money to deal with the pay

And Goodbye from Him

increase, they have condemned the University either to job losses or losing the competitive edge in attracting the best staff in the Australia and the world.

Any job losses mean the University will have to teach the same amount of students with less support.

The Government won't reduce the student load in accordance with pay increases as it does with a funding cut.

Senator Amanda Vanstone often comments that Universities, along with other parts of the public sector, should contribute to the "savings task". Universities were already making a huge (involuntary) contribution by not receiving money for pay increases. The 5% funding cut was not the first contribution, but the second.

Child care

One issue I have not looked into until recently is the provision of child care for students. Siobhan McDonnell, the Women's Officer of the Students' Association, and I have been endeavouring to establish a parenting room, where students can change their children, feed them and rest between lectures. This is going well, and it should be ready for the beginning of the 1997 academic year.

A bigger issue is the availability of care for children during lectures. The ANU provides child care facilities, but the demand is very high, and it is difficult for students to get a place starting in March, because University staff need a place for the full year.

We will be looking toward the inclusion of an occasional care facility in the new student services building. I have raised this with the project coordinator, but the building won't be open before 1998, so we will have to find a more immediate solution to a problem which is very serious.

Office Reform

This expression brings terror to many in the SA office, but I have sought changes to the office which will make it more friendly for the average student who comes into contact with the SA only rarely. We have put up a huge banner to let everyone know where we are. We have put up signs around the office so everyone who visits knows where the various services are.

We have swapped the Woroni Office with the services and enquiries room. This has made the office more friendly, because you don't have to go around the corner before you see the administrator who says hello and makes you feel welcome.

Making the office friendly is something which almost everyone promises to do in almost every election, but I am

proud to say that we have actually done something to fulfil this worthy objective.

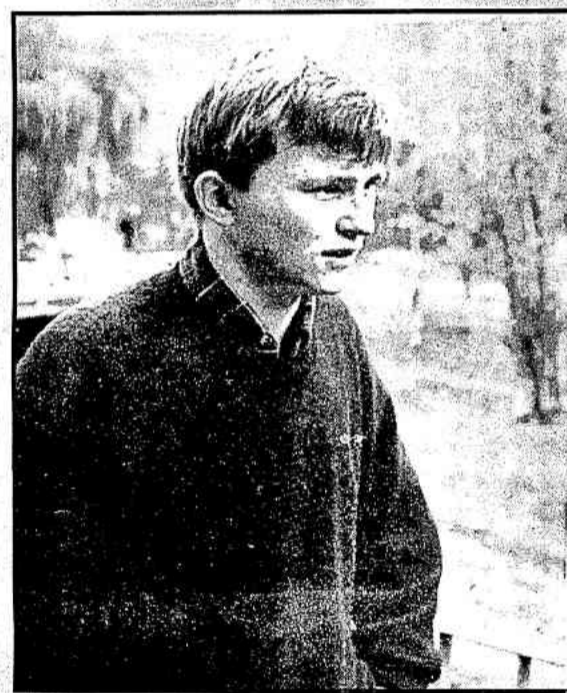
Parking

Many thanks to Mal Colston who has gone into bat for us on the price of parking permits for students, considered at a recent meeting of the Finance Committee. Senator Colston has attracted a lot of criticism, but he usually sticks up for us when it really matters. His strong opposition to the Legal Workshop Fee was one example. His efforts to keep the cost of parking down are much appreciated.

HECS

There is not much news to report on the lowering of the HECS repayment threshold from \$28,495 to \$20,701. I took the matter up with Liberal Senator Margaret Reid at a recent meeting with her.

The crunch is what Mal Colston and Brian Harradine do in the Senate. I don't have much



to report in this regard, but the decision of the Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee to oppose the lowering of the threshold for all but new students is a big help.

I should say here that the work of the National Union of Students has been invaluable on these issues. I regret that in 1996 we did not give ANU students another opportunity to join this organisation, which in the years ahead will need every scrap of student strength available to it.

General Services Fee

Council accepted the recommendation of the Finance Committee to keep the GSF at \$180 for next year. This is a 4% reduction in real terms, as an economist friend pointed out to me the other day.

The Students' Association budget goes up by \$100,000, despite threats by Liberal Students to lobby against this. The majority of the money goes

to Clubs and Societies, O Week and Bush Week. This means you will get greater value for your GSF dollar. Many thanks to the GSF Committee and Peer Group for making this possible.

Graduate Tuition Fees

One of the regrets I have about this year is that I was criticised so heavily for my Graduate Tuition Fees Options Paper. This was one of the most successful student attempts in the history of the University to keep graduate courses accessible to everyone. It defeated a very unfair proposal developed by a working party of the Resources Committee of the Faculties, and won the extension of a HECS type loans scheme to all full time students charged up front fees.

Obviously we would prefer not to have fees, but the only approach for student representatives is to get the best result available in all the circumstances.

In this case it meant compromise, and I still feel my paper produced a result much better than would have been achieved by calling out the student demonstrators to embarrass the University publicly. On this issue, thanks are deserved by Bob Arthur and Nigel Snoad.

Funding to Universities
This year the Students' Association initiated a highly successful protest against the Government's cuts to University funding. On

Monday 27th August, on the front steps of Parliament we started reading out the Coalition's election policy, which included a number of promises which ended up being broken. We did this for 8 hours on each day up until Thursday lunch-time, when we re-launched their policy to remind them of what it was, and to inform the public of what their solemn promises were. I have it on good authority that John Howard was aware of the protest.

The re-launch received great publicity, and really put the spotlight onto the Government's promises.

It was the type of demonstration that makes students look good, and we'll need more of them in the future. Students who helped were Patrick Mackerras, Ben Reese, Daniel Jenkins, Tamara Russ, Matthew Bye, Chris Young, Morag Lark, Nick Wood, Lara Sbeinenko, Matt Sag, Jason Cebalo, Murray

Chisholm, James Blair, Qasim Syed-Zaidi. The majority of the organisational work was done by Harry Greenwell, Matthew Tinning, Angela Buckingham and I. Thank you to them and anyone else I forgot to mention.

Sexual Harassment Procedures Review Working Party
As much as I criticise the campus socialists for being a joke, I have to mention their role in initiating the University's Review of its Sexual Harassment Procedures, particularly Hamish McPherson, who was SA President last year.

The Review Committee reported to Council at its October Meeting. Its main thrust was to bridge the gap between the mediation focus of the first stage of dealing with a complaint, and the severe nature of other mechanisms for more serious cases. The University will need to commit funds to make the recommendations work. If it doesn't, a lot of the effort made by the Review Committee will have been wasted. Implementation will be a big task as well. Student representatives will need to monitor this next year.

Eternal praise to Pip Bolding, who was the SA representative on the Review Committee, and to the other students on the Committee, Kim Vella and Nigel Snoad. Many thanks to the Deputy Vice-Chancellor, Millicent Poole, who chaired the Committee, and to Iain Wright, Mary Edmunds and Ben Sellinger, who were members.

Student Representation on the ANU Finance Committee
One of the most harrowing moments of my term was when I raised the vexed issue of student representation in University financial decision making, at the April meeting of the Standing Committee of the ANU Council. The Vice-Chancellor responded very angrily, and I thought I had made a bit of a fool of myself. It all came good however when the Chair of the ANU Finance Committee decided that there should be another voting student on it, and recommended this to the Council at a later meeting. This will make a big difference for students in the future.

Student Cards

It has been suggested by the Academic Registrar that the Date of Birth and the full time/part time distinction be removed from the student card, mainly for cost savings. We are looking into this further to see if this will be to the detriment of student discounts and identification.

Mistakes

I should apologise now for some of the things I got wrong during my presidency. I hope they can be put down to inexperience.

i) spending the Clubs and Societies Fund too quickly, such that there was almost no money

for fourth term activities, something we promised not to do.

ii) overly interfering with the process of distributing money to Clubs and Societies, to the point that the Chair of the Committee had to resign in May.

iii) publicly attacking the Debating Society for some behaviour which I still think was pretty shabby, but I don't think justified such a vicious attack from me.

iv) running too much of the SA myself, to the point that the Student Representative Council felt excluded and more than a little useless. Some delegation would have helped.

v) removing a defamatory article from Woroni after it had gone to press, and without telling the editors first. (*you're forgiven - ads*)

vi) taking too long to get my act together on the parenting room.

vii) adopting a process of consultation for office changes which, while comprehensive, was poorly coordinated and made some feel unnecessarily apprehensive.

There will be many grievances which are not included, but I think that's about it to my memory. I hope people feel I did enough good things to make up for these failings.

Good bye from me

It's about the end of my term as President of the Students' Association, and despite some mistakes I have worked very hard and been blessed with success on many important issues. Thankyou for voting me in, and to those who turned up on September 11, thank you for stopping the socialists and the liberals from sacking me. Many will breathe a sigh of relief that I am retiring from student politics, but I leave with a rich and full experience for which I owe a debt to many people. In particular all of those who came along to the General Meetings of the ANU Union last year at my insistence, and all those who ran on or supported the Back to Basics ticket in the SA elections last year.

Individual thanks go to Karen Hagan, Kylie Fraser, David Cohen, Daniel Jenkins, Doug Guilfoyle, Bianca Nogrady, Nigel Snoad and Anne McCusker. In addition, warm appreciation to members of the SRC, members of the Council, members of the Board of the Faculties, members of the C&S Committee, members of Peer Group and the many University staff and students, notably Chris Burgess, Phillip Selth, Yvette Martin and Simon Quartemaine, who helped do some things which were splendidly worthwhile.

William Mackerras

The Complete Champagne Charlie: A Total Lifestyle Guide

Welcome one, welcome all to what is in all its pulchritudinous possibility the final column of your humble scribbling servant. As a closing gesture to the final year no less a foppish failure than myself has been commissioned to compile a total guide to the in and outs of living one's life as Champagne Charlie. Initially concerned at my capacity to write more than 600 words in a week, I settled back to do a little thinking, and relax with a few bottles of export quality Haughton white. Awaking with a fair facsimile of my front-room's carpet weave impressed upon my left cheek I was appropriately astounded to discover a half-intelligible epistolary effort blinking on the ol' 3rd hand Macintosh from the pre "Classic" era. I hope this edited highlights version of the intoxicated meanderings of my muddled mind may provide some entertainment in these dim dark days of pre-final exam gloom.

Life Philosophy
My first words to an aspirant to the role of drunken dandy-esque dilettante student politico and correspondent to a slightly superlative student publication would be "chum, it ain't that serious". Take final term for exam - everyone buries their head in their ponderous posteriors in search of wisdom that if they have not yet acquired they haven't a hope in Hades of jamming into their calcified craniums in time to regurgitate across a script in the Sports Hall. Spring should be a time for happily hedonistic indulgence, not for melancholy moping about the eternally examinable questions of academic life. Of course, such an attitude may only be truly observed in the role of Smug Bastard, which requires a certain meandering diligence earlier in the year and the semester looking for all the rortable "options" which will decrease one's final total assessment load to as close to nil as is practicable - and then borrowing past student's notes for the trifling two or three exams one has remaining (while claiming to all and sundry that one's entire mid-semester break was spent in the complaining of the exam-purposed expatiations). The life of the Smug Bastard is indeed a sweet one, cynicism, lovely word. Indeed, there should be more of it about. It is the perfect complement both to the Smug Bastard lifestyle and to the role as fueller, feeder and feaster at the edge of your own network of gossip.

Exercise
The Sports Union should be visited twice a year: first semester exams, and second semester exams.

Fashion
There is only one way to be: over-dressed for every occasion. For university wear, try never to be seen other than in a waistcoat, and for preference never, ever the same one two days running. This may necessitate the acquisition of a substantial number of these sartorial splendours - but such is life. Further, so that the true dandy is mistaken as little as possible for that generally reviled life form the law school yuppie, he (or she - dandyism is now an equal opportunity occupation) should attempt to affect a number of personal eccentricities. The niftiest of these items being (for the conscientious jacket-wearers amongst us) is without doubt the lapel pin (ignorantly referred to by some as a "broach"). Lapel pin

design should be simple, yet cryptic. Alternatives include a single, small ring of intricate pattern or interesting features (Latin words you can translate are often a good move) or the ever-popular fob-watch and chain.

In high summer the waistcoat may be discarded, provided some other substantial sartorial eccentricity is adopted. The Panama hat is always a venerable option - although for the true connoisseur imported hand-made Panamas begin at about \$80. Most of us settle for something rather less.

Food & Drink
Life has but one purpose (and if it were competency, accuracy, structure and truth in advertising this observation would have appeared under "Life Philosophy") and that purpose has one name: Lunch. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was Lunch. Lunch should be an activity involving lots of food, lots of friends, lots of wine, lots of bitchy gossip, should start no earlier than two, finish no earlier than sunset - and should occur with alarming regularity. Meat and wine, for preference, should be white.

Spending copious amounts of time with chilled beer-bottles and adequate conversation in the Uni Bar beer garden is an appropriate substitute on days when one has many lectures to miss, or attend tipsy (see below).

Friends and Other Entertainment
Without doubt, the single cheapest, most cost-effective and genuinely entertaining thing in one's life is good quality, scurrilous and vicious gossip about a wide circle of friends. This is also one of the few perks of joining the committee of large clubs on campus, or student politics. Also gossip is always most titillating when second hand: this is easily proven if we take the college bedroom example. It is always more interesting to hear later exploits, rather than be the poor bastard who's the original source - the one woken up from the wonders of dreamland by those well known noises that so easily penetrate the infamously thin, standard single-layer brick bedroom walls of our wondrous halls of residence.

Another way, naturally, to make the company of others, wittier, more charming and on the whole better-looking, is the bottle. This is entirely socially irresponsible, and as such should be persuade at every possible opportunity. This can also turn boring lectures into a veritable three-ring circus - a mild alcohol induced dissociation leaves one able to step aside from the tedium of even the most pathologically dull of academics, and be entertained by their pre-Kramer leisure-ware and the subtle modulations and intricacies of their diction.

Next up on the order of entertainment one can probably find the odd movie. As assiduous readers of the resplendent review section of this august publication would be aware, I was commissioned to throw together a few hundred words on the topic of *The Phantom* last issue, and have a

certain predilection for the old action-adventure comedy. First cab off the rank every time in this set of sweep-stakes has to be the Electric Shadows periodic late-night revivals of *The Princess Bride*. *Princess Bride* has it all, wit, fencing, torture, romance, a tongue-in-cheek sassiness of style - and a chance to laugh oneself silly in the opening sequence at ancient icons of popular culture that were just so hip in our infancy: early Commodore 64 baseball games and second-generation Masters of the Universe figures (just look for the furry Horde monster on the little kid's shelf, and listen to the computer's piping rendition of "take me out to the ball game" and you'll assuredly find the jocular side of the matter).

Student Politics
Student politics is for the mad, the damned and the damnable. It is usually the battle of the over-committed and unqualified against the uncaring. Disillusion is inevitable. That said, if one is simply along for the ride and can stand and carp on the sidelines while observing the Byzantine machinations of the polities - well, let's just call it one of the finest spectator sports on God's green Earth, provided one keeps out of the blast zone. On which note, pass me my flak jacket and tin hat, and best duck and fishes to the new crop.

Writing for Woroni
Writing for Woroni is fun and easy. Literacy helps, but is seldom essential. (How else did I land this plum job given

the criminally negligent proof-reading of most of my columns?) (*Only because I assume the my columnists are literate - Ed*) It's un-to-under-paid according to your status but a fine way to scam free books, CDs and outings to the cinema. Also, for those who survive a year in the ranks - there's usually a decent bash held for the Woroni crew at the end of it all.

Study
There is nothing new under the sun. The idea is that every story that has ever been written, had already been created before, somehow. (Um, I think I need a Philosophy student to help me over that glaring conceptual hurdle and logical flaw). However, if all thought is unoriginal, and culturally or linguistically constructed - then there is no such thing as an original piece of assessment. Therefore, scam, cobble, beg, borrow and steal your way towards the top of the assessment pile. It's the only way to go. What difference does it make if one more book is read by one more apathetic individual - none, I contend. The defence rests.

Love & Sex
Relationships. Love and lust. The eternal dichotomy and the perennial question. What can a bear of very little brain such as myself add to such an exhaustively analysed field of the human experience? Simply this: that on the whole, when thought about with even a mediocre modicum of intelligence - they're probably best avoided really.

Champagne Charlie

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thanks for the mammaries

Thanks for the Mammaries!

Thursday the 17th of October marked the date of the birth-day of the women's office. We celebrated by eating lots of chocolate mud cake and electing (by consensus) the women's officers for 1997. Congratulations Rebecca and Sarah! Yippy!

What's in a word?

In my last column I thought I'd look at a word surrounded by so much feminist debate, the word women. Many feminists argue that the word wo-men simply by the structure of the letters is defining a fe-male in relation to

a male. They argue that the word does not allow a wo-man an independent identity but rather, defines the female either as an extension of the male or as something other than the male. In addition it is argued that the word wo-men epitomises the argument that we live in a masculo-centric (or patriarchal) society, for just as it is the male perspective that is the center of our society so is it the use of the word male/men/man that centers our understanding of the word women/woman/female thereby defining the role

of the female.

This debate has led to many feminists changing the spelling of the word women so that it has an individual context at which its root is not male. Derivations of this word are thus womyn singular and wimmin plural.

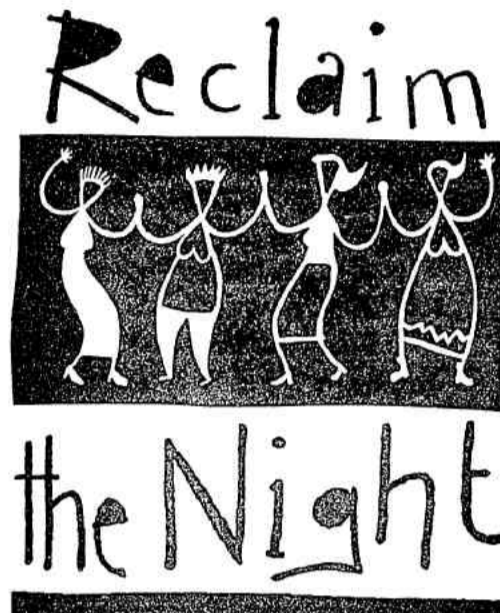
The question remains as to whether this argument should be applied to all other masculo-centric words within our language...for example hu-man. **Parenting room update**

Last month our esteemed president William Makerras assured me that he would finalise the details of a proposal to alleviate the concerns of the Sports Union in relation to the use of the

meeting room next to the Conselling Centre as a parenting room. He has failed to do this and the result is that parents will have to wait until next year until a parenting room can be established for them. Let me, at this point, apologise. I'm so sorry for having failed to get the parenting room established this year. I am confident that the

parenting room will be approved at the November 1st meeting of the Sports Union however, it will be too late to be of any use to parent's this year.

Well another year has been and gone for the



women's office. I haven't achieved nearly as much as I hoped too but I guess that's what everyone says. So, lets have a quick recap of the years events. The year for us actually started last year with the putting together of the women's handbook and getting to know the office, followed by the o-week women's picnic

women's department

complete with women's acapella groups and bellydancers. Bluestocking week with a women's picnic, women's rockclimbing, a pasta and personality night complete with guest speakers Marion Halligan Tina VanRac and women from WEL, self-defence classes, as well as a fantastic blue-stocking week edition of Woroni. Regular events that we've had throughout the year have been the women's office meetings complete with compulsory chocolate cake. Then there have been the regular contributions to this column, the trip to the Network of Women Students (NOWSA) conference, sitting on the CASH committee and the fight for the parenting room. ummmm...have I left anything out?

What I want to say is thanks for the opportunity of being women's officer. Thanks to all the women who came along to our events, have read the women's handbook or the column, to all the women who have found that the Rapunzel room is a funky place to hide from the rest of the world. Thanks to youse all! Above all, thanks for the mammaries!

Siobhan McDonnell

Women's Business

Reclaim the night is a march held every year around the world to demonstrate against a women's lack of safety at night. It is a rally where women meet to claim a safe space for women at night. Other issues associated with the rally are reproductive rights, freedom from rape and domestic violence, legal aid, health services and legal aid. The rally will be held on Friday the 25th of October. Meeting time is 6 for 6.30 at Garema Place. A Women's Dance featuring the band Machitun will be held after the rally at Tilley's in Lyncham.

Women on Campus (WOC) in conjunction with the ANU Karate Club are holding free self defence classes for women. Classes start on Saturday the 19th of October but if there's enough interest WOC will be running more classes next year. For more information phone Sokar on 2851335.

The update on the High Court case in relation to whether a failure to diagnose pregnancy and thus allow a woman to choose to have an abortion constitutes negligence, mentioned in last editions column, is that the parties have decided to settle out of court. Previously the judgement on whether the Women's Electoral Lobby (WEL) could gain standing as a friend of the court was to be delivered on the 11th of November. In order to commemorate this date WEL are hosting a Trivia night at the Albert Hall. Tables are for groups of 10, but smaller tables can combine. To book your table phone 2476679

lost

Commonwealth Bank Pass The Ball Unit
A large folding board, 1.5m x 1.5m with the Commonwealth Bank logo, with a metal tripod in a black canvas bag. It was borrowed by a student body for an orientation/sports day earlier this year and not returned to the bank. If you know of its whereabouts please contact Mark Harrison of the Commonwealth Bank on 2763378 to arrange for its collection.

clubs and societies

amnesty

Amnesty is staging a series of arts events in support of Candle Day. These are:
* an exhibition of works by fourteen local and interstate artists - new Parliament House - 25 Oct to 17 Nov;
* a concert at Tilley's (Machitun, Plutoastia, the Cyrenes and Crumpet) - 26 Oct;
* a concert at the ANU Bar (Entropy, Plan BBB, Liquid, Henrys Anger and Swim) 2 Nov;
* 'One for the Road', one of Harold Pinters most controversial plays - Curron Theatre, Gorman House 31 Oct to 2 Nov and 6 to 9 Nov.

end of year butt kissing

As regulars editor this year, I've distinguished myself by singularly failing to identify and correct spelling and punctuation errors of even the most obvious nature. Having made my presence felt in 1996 in a negative way I'd now like to thank all those whose positive contributions in the form of quality writing and professionalism made up for my incompetence and lack of professionalism.

Thanks go out especially to my four regular columnists, Tree-Frog, Champagne Charlie, The Ferret, and that chameleon who writes The Other Side. The four of them passed the year in a fashion that was both enjoyable to read and at times full of philosophical insight. From the relative safety of a branch in a rainforest tree, the Tree-Frog sniped at societal apathy after a series of gun-wielding maniacs failed to show us the way, and exposed the Judeao-Christian myth of Free-will using only donuts and Claudia Schiffer as tools. Champagne Charlie squandered his year in a series of blurred afternoon drinking sessions, evoking images of colonialists in Panama hats sipping gin slings as the sun stooped low over the distant mauve hills. Or something like

that. Charlie raised a glass to longer lunches and reflected with bemusement on the more sobering aspects of student politics. The Ferret gnawed away time to recall the small childhood experiences and societal quirks that really form a human being, evoking fond memories of days spent fighting over lego with younger siblings and the envy of every high school nerd for those who had disk drives on their Commodore 64s. What came to us from The Other Side was a parable for all; a series of narratives, part anecdotal, part allegorical, that featured a mysterious Associate and numerous meetings in bars with shady characters who seemed to be psychological manifestations of a mind bent on conspiracy theories and the exposure of an entire generation.

Thanks also go to Siobhan McDonnell the Women's Officer who made sure that women on campus were constantly represented in print and who dealt with the numerous topical issues that affected date on up coming events in 'women's business' and on the hard work she did on important projects like the parenting room. Similarly, thanks Julian Coldrey

Scumas Hyslop, Matt Pond and Anna Reeves who wrote on issues of sexuality and provided a service especially for those who identified themselves as non-heterosexual, and who were always the most diligent and well organised contributors to the regulars section, ie. the ones who stuck to deadlines. Stephen Lawton, the Campus HIV/AIDS worker was also a frequent and positive contributor with a wacky and effective writing style that made for enjoyable reading. Thankyou to Bitter and Twisted for your rantings and ravings on political fronts, and Benj Whitworth for keeping us aware of environmental issues in 'it's easy being green'. I also appreciate all those who wrote soapbox columns and helped make it a lively political discussion forum and William Mackerras for his efforts to keep everyone informed on issues that mattered. Thank you Jodie Wearne for drawing all those little pictures and icons that helped create a familiar and distinctive 'look' for the regulars section

Thanks again to all those who I've failed to name here, apologies if I have been negligent. Thanks to all the readers too. Have a good one...

Owen Larkin

78 Saab: "Flat Batteries"?

I think Not.

What comes to mind when one thinks of Saabs? That ugly duckling of the car industry conjures up images of blond Swedes, tennis players in tight white shorts and headbands, and funky automotive styling. Singer/guitarist Ben Nash from Canberra band 78 Saab explains: "The name comes from this 1978 Saab of mine that was my grandparents which I purchased from them a few years ago. It has been on its last legs for quite a while but thanks to my trusty mechanic in Canowindra, who has been giving it a pink slip each year which it probably hasn't deserved, it has stayed on the road. This has been really awesome because no-one else in the band has a car and we can throw everything in the back to get around to gigs and stuff. We were basically put on the spot for a name and up it popped. Those kind of Saabs are very unique, I've only seen two others in Canberra and they seemed to be driven by Grannies that are more concerned with safety. We're not concerned with safety, we're rock and rollers [laughs]."

Two weeks ago, at the University of Canberra, 78 Saab were declared the winners of the National Campus Band Competition beating finalists from all of the other states. This was a high profile event sponsored by an international hi-fi manufacturer, NAD, with healthy press coverage including ABC TV's Recovery and Galaxy's Red Channel, as well as being an event the record companies kept an eye on.

On its own, the win is a fine achievement but what makes this even more special is that the night of the final was only the bands sixth gig. Lining up alongside a host of bands who had been together for a year or more and had supported many of Australia's leading acts, 78 Saab stole the show with their great songs, confident stage swagger and home ground support.

"We were over the moon that we won. Music really is not a competition, we just play our own style and have fun. Deviant Plan (who played in the ACT heats) play pretty awesome hard core death metal. Although I am not a huge fan of their style of music, the sound they had was really good and they certainly were not slack in what they were doing. We really admire many of the bands that we beat."

The band has most often been compared to You Am I but this is a bit misguided especially considering their pop influences and the fact that their style is still developing. "We really like any of

those bands derivative of Big Star, like Teenage Fanclub, early REM and even the Posies to a certain extent. With pop music there is a million bands playing it and a lot of it sounds really tired and cliched, but there are always a few bands that have the knack of combining a melody with a few simple chords and making it sound really timeless. A lot of bands try to get at it including us, and whether we do remains to be seen, I don't think we will [laughs]. No really, we would be happy just coming up with four simple chords and a beautiful

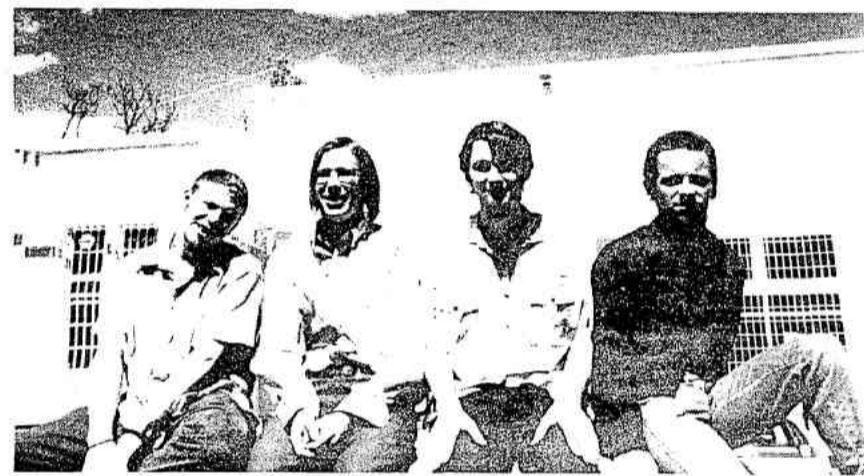
close feelings there."

The next step for 78 Saab appears to be a move to Sydney where there are greater gigging opportunities and a larger potential audience for their music. Part of their prize for winning the band comp was some free recording time at Troy Horse Studios in Sydney which will probably be used to record an EP allowing their music to reach further afield and possibly get some radio airplay.

In the meantime, we can enjoy the Saab at numerous upcoming gigs in

Canberra. They play the Uni Bar on the 25th of this month, Stone Day at Canberra Uni on the 1st of November and Heaven on the 6th. Vroom Vroom, honk honk!

Phil Hall



melody and be able to sit back and say "that's our song!", the band starts to heckle him, "Yeah, no for sure, I am wanking a bit [laughs]."

The win in the band competition has made things move fast for this young band. Last years winners, Jebadiah, have scored a record deal with Murmur records, been all over JJJ and have toured right around the country. Similar success is surely just around the corner for 78 Saab. As drummer Chris says: "It is pretty satisfying. I am in another band locally and we really battled to get gigs and saved our pennies to get a demo together while 78 Saab has just shot up. We are basically great Aussie Battlers [laughs] but it has come together just like that. There is a lot more emotional energy in this band. With a punk band, its more aggression than anything but this band has a lot more emotional energy. A bit of love and a bit of hate, a lot of soft feelings there as well as hard feelings [laughs]. We spend a lot of time together. A few nights ago at Heaven I was sitting on Nashy's lap, and I don't want people to read too much into that, but there are some very



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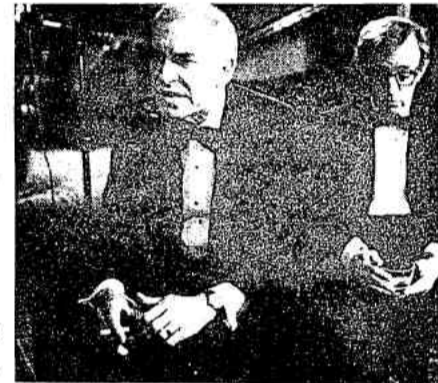


Classic Crap

Throughout 1996 I have asked many Woroni contributors to sort through the jumbled recollections of a life's experience and produce a piece of crap - Classic Crap. Now as the harsh glare of the spotlight inevitably inverts itself upon me I find myself in the same position, only now recognising the manifest impossibility of the task.

Woody Allen - Crimes And Misdemeanours.

I don't know if this is my favourite film, it is the greatest film made by my favourite director. I would I assure you (if it were humanly possible) move to New York, acquire a whiny voice, cultivate a physical anxiety and sexual depravity, and make films which possess the visual beauty and intellectual complexity of those made by Woody Allen. Crimes And Misdemeanours, filmed in 1989 is Allen's most cerebral film but manages to impart its complex and difficult themes with apparently effortless eloquence and drama.



Crimes And Misdemeanours is a magnificent illustration of just what cinema is capable of. Allen himself refers to it as, "a novel on film." The title invokes comparison with Dostoyevsky and the film replicates both the existential paradox and the moral questioning of his masterwork Crime And Punishment. Judah, (Martin Landau) is a successful, happily married ophthalmologist whose traditional mid-life crisis renders not only a sportscar and stairmaster machine, but an adulterous relationship with an airline stewardess (Angelica Houston). When the possessive and mentally unbalanced mistress begins to threaten the safety of Judah's double life he panics and at the suggestion of his gangster brother, arranges to have her killed.

The enormity of Judah's decision becomes apparent and his conscience begins to plague him. Allen's film examines the notion of an absolute morality as Judah attempts to convince himself that his unseen act can be ignored. Vision and seeing are recurring motifs in Crimes And Misdemeanours, the assurance given by Judah's father that, "the eyes of God are

constantly watching us" is examined critically by the film as Allen poses the really big questions about what it is to be human.

It utterly escapes me how a ninety minute movie can deal convincingly with the nature of life, death, religion, philosophy, sex, love and human morality and do so in a manner which is entertaining and often hilarious. The cast is wonderful, the writing terrific and the cinematography superb. Allen's talent for shooting confined spaces is fully realised with the majority of the film taking place indoors, lending a claustrophobic atmosphere to match the moral panic of the central character. Woody Allen plays (you guessed it) a neurotic film maker, and Alan Alda is brilliantly cheesy as his arrogant but successful TV producer brother. Crimes And Misdemeanours is an amazing film which like a great novel can be constantly

revisited. I cannot urge strongly enough anyone who has not experienced it to do so.

Radiohead - The Bends

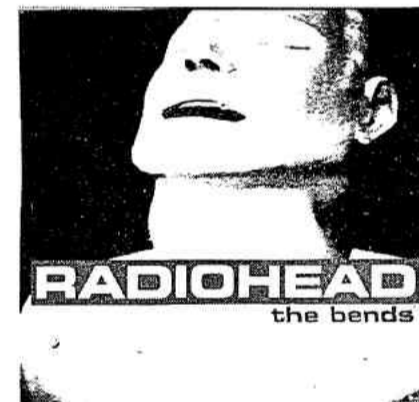
I would now like to humbly apologise to all the poor souls I have put through this excruciating task this year. Choosing a film and book were difficult but the choices I made were never really in that much doubt, choosing a single piece of recorded music from my collection of several hundred C.D's has proved almost impossible. Diversity is the complicating factor; how can I possibly compare Mozart to Kurt Cobain or John Coltrane to Neil Finn. With the inevitable shortcomings of my task in mind, I shall nevertheless proceed.

My first choice for this task was Nirvana's Nevermind. Certainly an influential album, one which seemed to capture the mood of its time in a way that felt right, I loved this record when it was released in 1991. Listen to it now and it retains the raw power and brilliant songwriting of an already legendary band at their peak. The problem I suspect is me, the album is still impressive but it no longer feels right. The death of Cobain and subsequent events have virtually turned this CD into a modern urban

cliche, it would undermine my egocentric quest for difference to choose it.

Honourable mentions must also go out to Nicolai Paganini for the taut energy of his Concerto No.1 in D Major op.6, George Gershwin for the unrivalled Rhapsody In Blue and Felix Mendelssohn, the boy wonder who wrote the heartbreaking Octet in E flat Major op.20 at the unbelievable age of 16. I know I am breaking the very rules I heartlessly imposed upon my contributors but I also feel compelled to mention, Mo' Better Blues by the Branford Marsalis Quartet, a piece of beautifully stunning simplicity which but for its length (four minutes) might have been my official selection.

In the end, because I must choose, I choose The Bends, the second album from British band Radiohead. This album contains the precise kind of high calibre guitar pop I like and features a poetic lyricism that is genuinely touching at times and disturbingly angry at others. From the sparse vocal beauty of tracks like High And Dry and fake Plastic Trees, to the nervous, edgy chord progressions of The Bends this is a collection of songs that fit perfectly



together and form an amazing album which rewards repeat listening with constant revelation and provides through its lyrics a thoughtfully introspective glimpse inside the mind of a great songwriter. Again, this is an experience I highly recommend.

Salman Rushdie - Midnight's Children
what can I say about this magnificent

music ENTERTAINMENT

novel that hasn't already been said by someone far more qualified to analyse it? I love this book because it opens new worlds to me. It deals with the emergence of a nation that is alien, (India) but tells its story with such elegance, creativity and sheer brilliance that I am drawn to it again and again. The story is engrossing, the technique is astonishing. Rushdie is an amazingly gifted writer who seems wholly unrestrained. As reader we feel the unlimited scope of his vision as it constantly expands to envelop; an individual, a family, a city, a nation, and finally an entire world.



Perhaps the most impressive aspect of Rushdie's work is his structural unorthodoxy. Reading this book I get the impression that the plot could turn any way at any time. The imaginative genius of Salman Rushdie tells the story of his homeland through the semi-autobiographical narration of Saleem Sinai. Presented as a random collection of remembrances, the apparent chaos of Rushdie's structure is in actuality a painstakingly crafted masterpiece. Midnight's Children contains an amazingly crafted cast of characters, each with a distinctly memorable personality. Rushdie establishes himself with this work not just as an epic storyteller but as one of modern literature's great portrait artists.

Just as significant as the greatness of this novel is its influence. With this breathtaking work, Rushdie spawned a host of imitators around the world and revitalised a tired novelistic form. With Midnight's children Rushdie establishes a fictional precedent for other great writers such as Ben Okri and Vikram Chandra to follow. Principally I think Rushdie's work is a great one because of its daunting mass, quite simply regardless of how much I examine this text I feel I can never hope to fully comprehend it.

So there you have it, a hasty tour round the mind of a sleep deprived editor. My thanks go out to all who have contributed to this column this year. The task is a difficult one but the results have made for interesting reading. A final note to anyone reading, whether you agree with my assessments or not..... I love you all. Adieu.
Dan Silkstone

Scud Mountain Boys

Massachusetts

Over the past few years there has been a proliferation of neo-country bands on the independent music scene. People like *Palace Music* and the *Uncle Tupelo* offshoots *Wileo* and *Son Volt*, have all borrowed the more favourable elements of country and incorporated them into a style of their own. The Scud Mountain Boys are another band to take such an approach. Hailing from rural Massachusetts, they

evolved out of two friends sitting around their kitchen table strumming acoustic guitars and writing superb songs. Having previously released two independently financed albums which were recorded in a friends kitchen, Massachusetts is the first release for their new label Sup Pop, the original home of Nirvana and many other fine bands.

Massachusetts is dark-country. It is full

of sadness and reminiscing but is strangely listenable. Think acoustic guitar with a pedal-steel underlay, combined with smoothly paced bass and drums. The Scuds use this mesmerising music and their beautiful melodies to covertly introduce dark themes and sentiment which the song titles betray; "Cigarette Sandwich", "Van Drunk", "Glass Jaw" and "Grudge ****"

are just a few. The Scuds talk about bodies found by the side of the road, their love for their home state ("I could never leave you Massachusetts/I could never leave you in Massachusetts"), amphetamines and various suburban happenings.

Massachusetts is quite simply a collection of honest and very beautiful songs. Mucho mucho recommendo. (Check it out at Landspeed).

Phil Hall

Sebadoh

Harmacy

After a few albums and a few break ups, 1994's Bakesale LP was a real turning point for this Boston band. Great, consistent songs, rave reviews and confirmation of the talent we all knew was there. Founded by Mr. lo-fi Lou Barlow, a one-time member of Dinosaur Jr, Sebadoh are known for their warm production values, highly personal lyrics and slanted pop melody.

Harmacy is no radical departure although in places it is a much quieter record than Bakesale. It definitely requires a few listens before the songs really come out. It is a bit like those 3D

pictures that you have to stare at for ages until the shapes magically appear. The shapes that you see in Pharmacy range from melodious odes to past loves ("Willing to Wait") to fractured punk-noise ("Love To Fight").

Harmacy also illustrates the overall talent of the band members with the songwriting shared between Barlow and Jason Loewenstein and Drummer Bob Fay contributing a track. The best songs include the opener "On Fire", the radio friendly "Ocean", "Can't Give Up" and "Too Pure" ("I do it out of habit not addiction"). True to form, Barlow gets

intensely personal with his lyrics. Only he can get away with such sickly sweet lines as; "No, I cannot lie to you/I'm still in love with you/and I only want to be with you."

Sebadoh have loads of incredible and this release will do no damage to that reputation but one feels that Pharmacy lacks a few strong standout tracks to make it a truly great album. If you are a Sebadoh fan you will love Pharmacy. If not, Pharmacy will do little to make you change your mind.

Phil Hall



Spring Heel Jack

I had expected great things from this album, given their zesty contribution to, and general drum n bass influence on Everything But the Girl's latest, "Walking Wounded." But while this duo's style is clean and clever and exciting to listen to for a while, it is not diverse enough to sustain an album. This one-dimensionality is especially true of the first half, which contains all the enshrined

d & b elements - reverb used as rhythm, strong roots in dub, arching string samples combined with extreme bass and scatterly high end percussion - but these elements aren't varied enough between tracks. Every track on the album begins in suspension, without drum texture, and grows into the more detailed stuff. A nice idea, but 12 times in a row is overkill. Having said that, the second

half comes into its own with some stand-alone tracks: 'Eesti' has purpose and more direction, and 'Roger Tessier' is the first time the mix seems at all daring, with some good punchy hi end and a less dense texture. 'Island' uses some cute '60s synth sounds, and has a hint of Esquivel and the ubiquitous bachelor pad, and 'take 2' is brilliant, particularly

for the piano sample which sounds like a cocktail piano on a backwards-dubbed trip. So there you have it - I would have liked more risky mixing, and more variety, but there are some creative moments there and if you're new to drum and bass style, there are worse places you could start.

Tumbleweed/Magic Dirt

Unibar, Oct 17

BLOWN AWAY..... two words that sum up rather nicely the way I was left after last night's performances. Good old rock n' roll still cranks high and hard. I had just walked in the door as Magic Dirt graced the stage, the noise which this bunch pulls out of their amps / speakers is unfuckingbelievable. The last time I saw the Geelong four piece was at this year's Big Day Out, where they played on one of the smaller stages. They certainly rocked hard then, but last night they rocked a hell of a lot harder. Maybe it's the new album, or perhaps it's simply because this time we were indoors. Their set up really created some damn fine loud noise, and that drummer of theirs is truly amazing, he's definitely one of the strongest sounding drummers I've heard in a long time. Magic dirt played a nice selection of songs, many of them taken from their debut album "Friends In Danger". We heard the albums title track, as well as "Shovel" and "Sparrow" to name a few. It was also good to hear some of the old favourites like "Redheads" and "Daddy" (found on older E.P.'s, "Signs Of Satanic Youth" and "Life Was Better").

There was enough time to make our own little sacrifice to the weed before they intoxicated us with their sounds. This was to be the first time I had seen the boys since they changed members, and somehow I think since then they've really begun to pull their shit together, by all means I miss the other guys, after all they were the ones I originally grew to love, but the new line up really seemed to me to make a difference. Never in my life of knowing Tumbleweed have I seen Richie look as happy and lively as he did last night. He got up on stage, and for a change, not hiding behind his hair, yelled out a huge thanks for the crowds support that night, after all we could have opted for the Sex Pistols (quite frankly I wouldn't have even considered wasting my money on that old bunch of pricks when I could, and did, opt to support good Australian music, and for ticket price less than a third of the "Pistol's"). Richie spoke a lot to the crowd that night, his interaction was great, his last words before ripping into their first song advised us that we were going to hear some rock n' roll, and we did. As Richie sings in

their song "Sweet Nothing" ... "it takes my breath away..." and they surely managed to do that to me. The boys worked their way through a huge list of songs, playing for at least an hour and a half. They ripped through "Silver Lizard", "Marble Moon", "Sundial", "Acid Rain" (lots of oldies), "Armchair Ride" and "Nothing To Do With The Weather".

Tumbleweed rocked hard that night, and I'm very sorry to both Everclear and Weezer who I adore, but nothing quite takes the cake like home grown produce..... Tumbleweed went off in a major way, they were loud and sensational, and Richie was nice enough to come and exchange hugs and hand shakes with the crowd thanking us all for making it along to the gig that night, afterwards the band joined in with the rest of the bar slugs for a beer and a chat. They are truly an excellent band, not only in the music that they produce but also in their personalities, attitudes and the feeling they put into their live performances, I loved their new album "Return to Earth" but when live, these boys outdo themselves, they have definitely come a long way from the days of

"Sundial" and Mr Pharmacist", which were good (otherwise I would not have bothered in spending the money on them), but they have truly moved to a higher ground over the space of the past year.

So in my last few words Congratulations to Tumbleweed and Magic Dirt, the gigs I've seen this month have just been getting bigger and better as they've gone by, but I doubt if they'll be getting any better than last night's shows, they were awesome, they were mind boggling, they were Australian and they were fucking unbelievable, and they most certainly "took my breath away". Oh and one more little thing to all those who decided to blow off the gig that night, whatever your reasons, whether it be for the Sex Pistols or simply because of the "I've seen them enough times" syndrome, sucked in because you all missed out on the best Tumbleweed gig I've ever been to, Never have I seen them go off in such an extremely big way, I think they new it, the crowd new it, and I certainly new it. Oh and one more little plug for the band, If you haven't already checked out "Return To Earth" do it soon.

SAJADE.

Eye

Herd Under Social Hypnosis

Herd Under Social Hypnosis is a cassette of material by Canberra outfit Eye; and it has convinced the office goth that there is rather more to the local band scene than he had previously imagined.

Eye's cassette is startling on several levels. The band describes its music as 'cyber-neo-industrial-electronic body music', and they are very good at what they do. Eye have a very electronic, frequently harsh, and often frantic electronic sound, generally with many layers coexisting in the music. Moreover, and to its credit, Herd Under Social Hypnosis is characterised by a variety which is absent from too many commer-

cially available electro-industrial releases, with songs ranging from the rather frantic 'Grave New World' to 'Does this Look Like Science 2 U?', which is quite slow and formless and is built around a long string of samples about the merits (or, in Eye's view, lack thereof) of the current medical testing regime and medical practice generally. The production values on the cassette are excellent, especially considering that it was recorded locally on eight-track equipment.

The office goth would be hard-pressed to describe Herd Under Social Hypnosis in relation to other bands. This may itself be evidence of the band's originality of

approach. However, one comparison which is valid is with industrial outfit Snog — but more for the bands' common intent on making a political point than because of any great musical similarity. Eye's music is unashamedly ideological, but in a way which complements, rather than detracting from, the songs. Causes which are taken up on the cassette include distaste at modern citizens' willingness to abandon individual thought to the corporate machine and TV culture, and opposition to vivisection and society's reliance on prescription pharmaceuticals.

All the above leads the Office Goth to

the conclusion that Eye are well worth a listen. In fact, the band may be familiar to listeners of 2XX, which recently played a block of Eye's material in the lead-up to its radiothon. The song 'Grave New World' will feature on a 2XX twentieth anniversary compilation and Eye material is also appearing on various compilation CDs at a steady rate. The cassette Herd Under Social Hypnosis is available from Impact Records and Landspeed Records in Civic, and from the Music Shop in Woden. It is well worth the \$6 asking rate. Enjoy!

Office Goth

Apoptygma Berzerk

7

7 is the latest addition to a collection of releases spanning the last four years from Norwegian outfit Apoptygma Berzerk. It is the best album the office goth has heard in a very long time. Needless to say, therefore, *Woroni* did not receive a review copy from any commercially obsessed record company. Rather, the office goth was left to track down an imported copy in Sydney. However, now that he has heard the album, he is convinced that the exercise was well worth the effort.

Apoptygma Berzerk are generally described as an electro-industrial outfit. The office goth thinks that this label is somewhat unfairly applied. The problem with a number of electro-industrial albums is that quite often you do not get an album's worth of music, but are left listening to a collection of songs which sound increasingly similar as the CD wears on. Moreover, the office goth has heard some commentators label some electro bands as being very unobtrusive and consequently boring. Neither of these potential criticisms can fairly be levelled at

Apoptygma Berzerk's latest offering.

What the listener can expect to find on 7 is a collection of varied songs, in a style which is perhaps best labelled as electro-industrial pop music. The office goth does not intend this popular music reference to be in any way pejorative. Rather, it is meant to describe the way in which songs on this album are able to reach out and grab the listener, and the melodic element which they bring to the industrial genre. The album opens with the dramatic 'Love Never Dies part 1', which begins with an organ solo and boasts a Carl Orff sample after each chorus. Thereafter, the song writing ranges between many points on the music spectrum: from the simplicity of 'Mourn', which is based around drums and a simple keyboard part, and is dedicated to Kurt Cobain; to the very catchy 'Non-Stop Violence'; to the minimalism of 'Rebel', which consists of a simple musical base over which samples have been layered; to the more industrial (if not especially harsh) fare of 'Deep Red'

and 'Half Asleep'.

The office goth must also pause to admire the subtle sarcasm of many parts of this album. For example, at the beginning of the album, 'Love Never Dies part 1' sees the band's male singer (who calls himself Grothesk) sing about how his love for the subject of the song will make them both fly ever higher. Upon first hearing this, the office goth thought that it was exactly what he did not want to hear at the time. However, by the time the listener reaches track 9 on the CD ('Love Never dies part 2'), things have changed. Here the female subject of part 1 mourns the loss of her love, in a much softer song with a guitar accompaniment. But even this isn't the end of the story. After seven minutes' silence comes a hidden track at the end of the album, which begins with a reprise of 'Non-Stop Violence', then continues with a few minutes of weird sampled noise, before Grothesk has the last say, and says exactly what he thinks of the singer of 'Love Never Dies part 2'. The office goth has to

admit that he found the sarcasm embodied in all this quite refreshing.

In summary, 7 offers an interesting, musical and original twist on the industrial mode. It comes highly recommended.

Office Goth



Everclear

Unibar, Oct 6.

After weeks of waiting in anticipation for Everclear's arrival in Canberra, the time had finally come for me to use that little blue ticket. A ticket which I'd worn into a thin and shabby looking piece of cardboard after having spent repeated hours of lovingly admiring the bold printed words headlining its surface..... "EVERCLEAR". To me this ticket was worth more than gold, it was my sole form of admittance to the refectory on the night of October 8, a night in which I was going see the performance of band high on my priority list.

Everclear is a band who have only recently shot to mega stardom with the release of their second album to date, "Sparkle and Fade". The trio's debut disc "World Of Noise" was a rather neglected release, mind you it immediately found a place in my heart, and most probably those of people all over the nation some time ago. So with almost record breaking Everclear listening time under my belt I eagerly headed off to the unibar for yet another night of gig-going.

I know that in the past I have boasted of the rather spectacular performances

that some of the many bands attending the unibar have accomplished, but until that Tuesday night I would have to confess that not in a long time have I been absolutely blown away by one solitary performance. Everclear sure do put on one *#!?ing unreal gig. The stage set up, as I had noticed whilst waiting up front for the band to appear was rather impressive, wavy strips of lights adorned the back and side walls, numerous footlights littered the stage, a multi-coloured drum kit and two microphones stood ready for the band's appearance; and after what seemed an eternity of waiting the background music dimmed, Art (lead vocals & guitar), Greg (drums) and Craig (bass) pounced upon the stage, the crowd went wild, and Art, whipping his bleached locks around behind him ripped into one of my favourite Everclear songs, "Strawberry"..... "Naaa never been here, never coming back, Never want to think about the things that happened today....", sorry I just couldn't help myself I'm one of those people who have to compulsively sing along!!! Before they're first song was over, one of the stage crew had raced out in front of

the stage with a video camera taped to his hand, first filming the crowd from ground level, and then proceeded to film the band, himself and more of the crowd from a higher angle as he surfed the wave of people nearer to the front of the stage.

I was very pleased to hear the boys play nearly half of the songs from "World Of Noise", a couple of my favourites which rocked hard included "Your Genius Hands", "Sick & Tired" and "Fire Maple Song". A few friends that I met up with that night had been keen to hear "The Twistsinside" and "Nahalem", they were not disappointed in the least. The crowd shouted out for songs of the like of "Heroin Girl" and "Santa Monica", being the first big hits released by the band. The encore included both of these beauties, and as I was informed later on by a close friend who had gone outside for a quick breather, came back into the refectory to see a moshpit extending to the far back steps and going off to "Heroin Girl" (I was too close too the front to have seen this spectacle). Just when I thought I was near to passing out the boys came to the end of their set, I was a tad disappointed that they'd chosen

not to play "Queen Of The Air", but I suppose we can't have everything. In all the Trio put on an excellent show, I have never seen the Unibar go off in such a huge way, they were definitely as good on stage as they are on the album, and to anyone who was disappointed by their performances at Livid (as some people who I know were), you either have no idea of what constitutes a good time or how to have one. Or maybe Everclear are simply a band to be seen at an indoor venue, whatever the case I had a fabulous night, and still wear the bruises to prove it, as I think many people who attended the unibar that night did. Everclear are definitely one of the best things to come out of the American Music scene this year, and to anyone who liked the sound of "Sparkle and Fade" but thought it could have been a bit heavier and noisier, I recommend you to go and check out that debut album I was telling you about earlier. P.S: My heart goes out to all of those who decided not to come, and especially to those who missed out on a ticket, because one thing is for sure, you all really missed out. big time.

SAJADE.

The Shaman Bulldog A Love Story

Renaldo Fischer

This is a, fortunately short, piece of puerile rubbish.

Renaldo Fischer's relationship with an accident prone bulldog was only marginally more interesting than his half baked regurgitated gnanism that read like a series of bumper stickers. However due to the contribution of Michelle St George we also have thrown in a Disney wildlife docu-drama thrown in; as she explores

the thought processes of a quite average sort of dog.

What this 'book' represents is an unhealthy obsession with pets. I suffered through trips to the dog- psychologist, obedience trainer, bulldog doctor, football games, dog-podiatrist and the toilet to vomit. Don't make the mistake I did; being lured in by the possibility of

cute dog stories. There are too few to make up for the rest of the garbage.

The hypocrisy of the writer was also quite stunning. He raves on about his new connection with nature as he despoils the deserts of Arizona by living in an area not able support a fraction of the people that live there. An ecosystem rapidly collapsing under the pressure of

too many people. Not to mention what the Colorado River suffers from the water demands of the south-west.

Basically this book represents all that is wrong with American society. It is pretentious, consumerist and for all its supposed tenderness it essential selfish. As for a book about his dog the Fischer concentrates on himself.



Albert Speer: His Battle With Truth

Gitta Sereny

At the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials, Albert Speer, Minister for Armaments and close confidant to Hitler, was one of the few to express open remorse for his actions, and escape the death penalty. This left him uniquely isolated, unwilling to die with the defeated ideology he had been servant to, and loathed by both neo-Nazis and the world at large. During his twenty year term at Spandau prison, he had time to reflect on this position, which he did in his 1,200 page "Spandau Draft", which was later published as *Inside the Third Reich*, a now seminal work. Its theme was the only one Speer could ever write about, how an intellectual could be seduced by a political force as obscene as Nazism, and become a participant in its crimes. *Albert Speer: His Battle With Truth* is aptly

subtitled, as Gitta Sereny, an eminent European journalist, has recognised that his book was inadequate and self-serving. For Speer was a man of stunning personal complexity and intelligence, who could be deceiving even about his own self-deceptions. Sereny, through extensive interviews with Speer and his contemporaries, constructs an intimate and convincing account of his life that attempts to explain his attraction and loyalty to Nazism and Adolf Hitler.

Speer would be an important figure if for no other reason than he was, as he admitted, the nearest thing to a personal friend Hitler had. This gave him unparalleled access to Hitler's private thoughts and plans, and, one would have thought, opportunity to question his own devotion to the man. Speer himself was disingenuous about source of this

attachment, at times comparing himself to Faust, at others pleading ignorance of the German Chancellor's desire for war, even in the face of lectures from Hitler on how from 1940 onward "every Olympic Games" would be held in Berlin.

His own blindness, wilful or otherwise, was, however, initially in an atmosphere of general adulation around Hitler. During the 1930s this reached often forgotten levels. Winston Churchill, for example, was heard to wish that Britain too might have its own Hitler in a time of crisis, and Gertrude Stein suggested he ought to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Later historians, such as A.J.P. Taylor, were to grimly concede that up to 1937 Hitler's statesmanship in Europe had many historical precedents, and an explicable logic.

Yet it is known that by that year,

Hitler's elimination of internal dissent, and systematic policy of terror against German Jews was in place, laying the basis for the incomprehensible genocide that was to occur. Albert Speer is the principal source for the madness in Hitler which was to become more and more tragically apparent until 1945. In a sense, his view of Hitler is now orthodox, so that it seems heretical to even consider a time when Hitler was seen as a culminating figure in the underlying European anti-Semitism, which had a history of two millennia. Such an approach, in view of the magnitude of the holocaust, is now unsatisfactory, but Sereny does not merely leave us with an accusatory tract aimed at Speer.

Rather he emerges from the work, including some of the 25,000 letters he wrote in Spandau prison, as a man whose

Emily Perkins

Not Her Real Name

Emily Perkins' literary debut, *Not Her Real Name*, is an impressively original collection of short stories. The twenty-six-year-old New Zealander, who now lives in London, has recreated the world of twenty-somethings, for whom childhood is still a vivid and often disturbing memory, who are not sure of where they are headed in their relationships, and who struggle to find a place to stand in the confused and confusing landscape of reality. But Perkins' intelligent tales of failed or disappointing relationships and the half-hearted search for a fulfilling career never collapse into the tired "I'm a poor, bewildered Generation X-er" dirge. Instead, her glimpses of a group of young friends

dealing with a suicide in "Thinking About Sleep", of a young man's search for a relationship that might anchor him to the earth in "Barking", and of a little girl's iridescent and triumphant imaginings throughout a long car journey with her family in "A Place Where No One Knows Your Face" are all told with a highly original voice which proceeds from a sophisticated capacity for perception.

Perkins treats all her characters with compassion, despite her sometimes lacerating sense of humour. The title story, which is also the longest in the collection, is a fascinating combination of prose and poetry, and is the story that most strongly evidences Perkins' considerable talent. It is a wonderful illustration

of a burgeoning relationship, which proceeds with a clumsy unglamorously, sending up the familiar picture of "love's young dream come true" as Cody stumbles drunkenly into bed with the newly re-encountered object of her adolescent affections. She stumbles out again the next morning, only to find, days later, that his is the only response to the "flatmate wanted" ad which she put in the newspaper. Many of the stories share this sardonic view of relationships, but Perkins always retains a softness of humour by avoiding the harsh edge of bitter cynicism, which would distance her characters from the reader. "Let's Go" tells of a young woman backpacking in

Prague, who, having slept with a young Czech man (whom she now refers to as her "sex slav") as a result of becoming "as drunk as a rainbow" contemplates domestic bliss - nineties style - with her American travelling companion: "I can see myself marrying someone like Dick - I can imagine the wedding, the honeymoon, the drink and the infidelities. The reconciliations, the anti-depressants, the children and the diets. The trial separations, the therapy. Dick reminds me of Robert Wagner. The glamour". Such is the lively and insightful prose of Emily Perkins. *Not Her Real Name* is a wonderful first publication from this gifted author.

Sarah Gilbert

Vietnam: For Travellers By Travellers

Stuart McDonald

A guide book is a bible for most travellers. It leads them to other travellers, historical sites and good places to stay and eat. Above all, it tells us why we go where we go, from cultural, historical, political and 'interest' points of view. There is certainly no shortage of guides available on the market today, from Lonely Planet's range which now covers the universe, to the lesser known independents like the Rough Guide series which have attained cult status amongst harder core travellers.

The latest in a series of books available on Asia's latest hotspot - Vietnam - is *Tales from the Other Side - Vietnam: For Travellers By Travellers*. The book lists some slightly off-beat destinations, as well as suggestions about where to go and not to go to eat, sleep and be merry. The highlight of a good guide book is not always that its maps are correct or that the restaurant which was once the place to go still exists, but more an adventure that keeps you amused, fed with local trivia and cultural anecdotes while still managing to get you to that intersection street

or town you are heading for, and this book certainly contains a number of useful tips. Original features of the book are the crosswords and brain teasers - a good history lesson for a long bus journey.

Considering that it is a first edition by two authors, this book is a huge undertaking. The authors claim that the book will be updated annually; and this should ensure that later editions are even better than the current one.

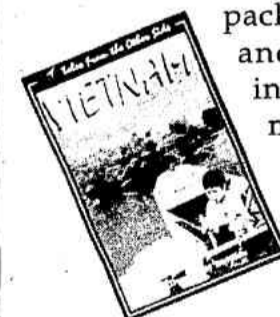
Diane Walton and Invisible Friend Woroni has copies of this book to give away. To be in the running for a copy, drop your name and phone number into the box outside the Woroni office before Monday 28 October.



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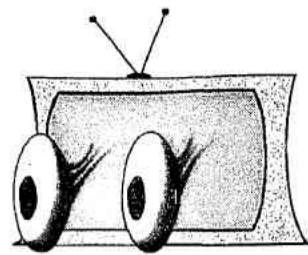
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Australian Cinema In '96: Too Good To Ignore

Australian film in 1996, so far, has again produced a strong selection of mature and artistic portrayals of Australian life. Support for Australian films by Australian film goers is also still high and as a trend will hopefully stay that way. Unfortunately Australians still love to view what appears to be the dying throes of main stream American cinema. *Independence Day* celebrating its cultural invasion of our psyche with the biggest takings at the Australian box office to date and represented the 'more hype less essence' that many American films seemed to have slipped into.

The most important and powerful Australian films to be produced this year would have to be those that examined the mental anguish and artistic endeavours of some of Australia's more eccentric

inhabitants. The top three in this category were *Shine*, *Lilian's Story* and *Cosi*, and in all honesty the film techniques, acting and direction as well as amazingly interesting story lines in these films make it nigh irresponsible to have not seen all of them. *Shine* is the most amazing rush of cinematic emotion that hit Australian cinemas this year and is the beautiful and fantastic story of the life of genius pianist David Helfgott. *Lilian's Story* is one of a woman released from a mental hospital in Sydney seeking the reestablishment of her life with her family, some of who put her there, and the search for true love, the story is based on Kate Grenville's novel to which it does great justice. *Cosi* represents with the brilliant acting of Barry Otto and others like Toni Collette the fictitious story of a down and out dolt recipient's attempts, (Ben Mendelson), to contain the madness of twelve individuals into a play.

You also can not say that you have seen enough Australian films this year if you did not view one of our film makers examinations of love in either *Love and other Catastrophes*, *Dating the Enemy* or *Love Serenade*. *Love and other Catastrophes* was a debut alternate hit for first time director Emma Kate Crogan who humorously portrayed the effects of not returning a library book at a Melbourne university and examined an often ignored cinema group, the university student. On the lighter side their was *Dating the Enemy*, and no it is not a film starring Julia Roberts, but one where Claudia Carvan as an Australian newspaper journalist switches bodies with her star TV host boyfriend Guy Pearce with at times interesting results.

Two films this year that examined important social aspects of our society and did a great job of it were *The Coolbaroo Club* and *Rats in the Ranks*.

The Coolbaroo Club told the story of a dance club in the 1950s that became a political force and the focus for an Aboriginal community in a hostile city and maturely observes race relations in Australia after World War Two. *Rats in the Ranks'* representation of Australian culture was a bit more circumspect with its clever documentary feel of the Leichardt Mayoral elections in Sydney. Rarely does an Australian documentary film get a cinema release and do so well commercially and the reason for this is the high quality and genuine hilarity of this important inside story into Australian politics.

Australian films on the whole are once again excellent and once again have been missed by the ignorance of most Australians. Do not be one of the ever growing host of American sheep, yes baaa to the lot of you, go see an Australian film.

Robert Umphelby



Extreme Left: Rat's In The Rank Mayor, Larry Hand.
Middle: Groovy dancin in Roger Scholes' The Coolbaroo Club.
Above: Sir John Gielgud and Noah Taylor Shine.

Television — The Original Recycler

Looking back as the uni year and ratings season draws to a close, I realise just how disappointing a year it has been for the odd addict like myself. It's sad when the highlight of the Canberra viewing year was the TV Guide changing from yellow to colour. After all, the year which brought us Hercules and Sex/Life is unlikely to be remembered by posterity, at least not for its entertainment value. All the drama shows seem to have come and gone without much of an impact. Sure, both the X Files and ER achieved popular success. But Law and Order, Wycliffe and even the new series of Chicago Hope and NYPD Blue made very little splash.

What surprised me is hearing how successful a year this has been for Australian television. Apparently there's more local content on the tube being watched more often than ever. Somehow I missed this completely. I mean, I noticed that Blue Heelers and Water Rats seemed to appear on the ratings chart quite a bit, but I've never seen either myself. But we have to ask ourselves, is it quantity or quality we're after? It's difficult to believe any nation could be proud of Don't Forget Your Toothbrush (what has Tim done to himself?), I Do I Do or Gladiators. You might also notice that all of these are just blatant rip offs of

British shows. Where's the Late Show when you need it?

If this is the year of anything, its American sitcoms. So many Seinfeld look-alikes you can't swing a cat week nights without hitting a group of twenty-somethings with a couch. First, there were the old favourites: Seinfeld (about Seinfeld), Murphy Brown (about Murphy Brown), Cybil (about Cybil), The Nanny (about a Nanny), Roseanne (about Roseanne), Grace Under Fire (about Grace) and Mad About You (about a couple who's mad about each other). Then there's the new kids on the block: Ellen (about Ellen), Ned & Stacey (about Ned and Stacey), The Single Guy (about a single guy), Friends (about some friends), Partners (about some partners), The Jeff Foxworthy Show (about Jeff Foxworthy) and Almost Perfect (about two annoying people, one of whom was in Three Men and a Baby, with really busy lives, who are trying to have a relationship between careers). I don't know about you, but I can't help feeling its gone a bit far. Sure, Seinfeld proved that a few selfish people and a pen which writes upside down can be very entertaining, but does everyone else have to go on proving it?

And what's with all the celebrity cameos? I keep having nasty flashbacks to

I Love Lucy repeats as a child, when I never had any idea why it was the audience burst out cheering when some mailman, or yet another band leader, entered the room. To this day I can't attach names to those faces. But this year all the muscle in networks seem to have called in their favours in an attempt to gain attention in the sea of schlock which is American television. We had Jerry Lewis and Yoko Ono on Mad About You, every second minor political and entertainment personality on The Nanny (though I have to admit, I quite enjoyed the Lamb Chop episode) and, saddest of them all, the guys from Mad About You and ER on Friends and Elaine from Seinfeld on The Single Guy.

As if that wasn't bad enough, then there were the repeats. Nice to know Ten is doing its bit for the environmental cause. I'm sure every Seinfeld episode ever filmed, not to mention Roseanne, the Simpsons and X Files, has been shown a least three times this year. Have you ever noticed that every time you catch a repeat it seems to be exactly the same episode? If I see George trying to prove you can't park front first or Lisa being too sad to play dodgeball one more time I may just hang up my remote for good.

And if they do have to show repeats,

why does it have to be the same ones? After all, there's several decades worth of television waiting to be hashed to death. You know what I mean. All the shows you wish you could see again until you actually do- Moonlighting, 21 Jump Street, Astroboy. I think The Goodies and Monkey could do with another run. After all, there's a whole generation of kids out there who don't even know who Trippitaka is (I was a kid when the show was on- how am I supposed to know how it's spelt?). To make it worse, they seem to have decided that Canberra is above such things. Last year while Sydney got repeats of Mork and Mindy, we got half an hour of local news. For godsake, I don't care if Alexander Downer has taken one foot out of his mouth so he can fit in the other, I just want to see the wedding episode. You remember, Mork got turned into an Old English Sheepdog, and Mindy said she'd marry him anyway- very romantic.

And what have they left us with? As the year draws to a close we have more Aaron Spelling, Star Trek repeats three nights a week and another medical drama, this time with parachutes. Then there's new series of Australia's Funniest Home Video, Getaway and Burke's Backyard. Oh, and Hercules and Sex/Life. All in all, its been a good year to go to the movies.

Jessica Coates

Behind the Face

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT

"Sit on my face and tell me that you love me!"

I always thought the letters in your magazine were made up, until I had the most amazing experience. I tall began one sunny morning last week. My husband had already left for work. I work at home so I was wearing only a dressing gown when I heard a knock at the door. It was the man who cleans our swimming pool - I'll call him Jeff. He is well built and has a great smile and always wears tight shorts that show the outline of his well sized alston (much bigger than my husband's peacock), and as I invited him in I noticed his gorgeous eyes looking at my legs. He started on the pool, and I went back to the computer. After a few minutes though, I heard a thump and a cry of pain. I rushed out and saw that Jeff had slipped and twisted his ankle. I helped him limp inside and lay him down on the couch, and began to gently massage his foot. From this angle I could see the outline of his alston quite clearly, and I began to feel quite turned on. I let my dressing gown slide open slightly and leant forward a bit, knowing this would allow him a tantalising view of my large, round vanstones, and was pleased to see his alston, until then still a downer, start to become more of a beazley. I didn't look at Jeff's face, but I could still feel him looking at me and I began to extend my massage

gradually higher up his leg. He definitely had a beazley now. I could hear his breathing getting deeper and my kennets hardening and a warm tingling sensation began to spread in my fischer. Eventually I reached his shorts, which by now were obviously straining to hold in a raging katter. I rubbed my hand lightly over the bulge and Jeff moaned, reaching inside my robe to fondle my pendulous vanstones. I eased his shorts down, and out sprang his big red alston, a drop of moisture already oozing from its head. I began to stroke it gently, while I leant over and blew hot breath on his hairy costellos. By now one of his hands was lightly pinching my right kennett, and the other had moved down to my wet fischer and was beginning to gently rub my little kernot. I gasped and licked up and down the shaft of his alston, then took his entire katter in my mouth. "Oh Bronny... oh yes!" groaned Jeff. I sucked gently for a while, and then took off my robe and squatted on the couch with my fischer over his face. He began to lick me gently, paying tender attention to my bjelke-minora, which made me moan and pant in delight. I leant forward an once again took his purple-headed katter in my mouth, caressing his costellos with one hand. There we were, in a hot ninety-six on the couch. the feeling of my vanstones brushing his belly was fantastic, and when Jeff started to

rhythmically lick my kernot I began to carr, moaning loudly and shaking so much Jeff had to tightly grip my reith to stop me falling. After I recovered, I got up and led Jeff (who was limping a little) into the bedroom. I found a howard and rolled it over his alston, and lay back on the bed. He leant over and started gently nibbling my kennets, and slowly pushed his throbbing katter into my slippery, hot, wet fischer. Oh, I was in heaven! I love keating in that position, and we keated like that for what seemed like hours. His thrusting became gradually stronger, and I could feel myself building up to a carr again. Suddenly he moved one hand down, put one finger between the cheeks of my reith and gently pressed on my tight little heron. I carred in waves and waves and he caressed me in his arms. We rested for a minute or two, as I came back to earth, and then I got on my hands and knees, with my firm tanned reith in the air. His alston was still rock hard, and he slid it now deep into my fischer again. He started to keat me slowly, but soon we began keating harder and faster, until I could feel his costellos slapping against my kernot. I looked behind me and I could see that he was ready to carr. Suddenly he pulled his katter out of me, pulled off the howard, and spurted his thick white goss all over my reith, moaning in ecstasy. Name and address withheld

caption competition

last month's entry



"Superstar Madonna gives birth to healthy baby girl." caption by Catherine Ganley



"Daniel Jenkins was unavailable for comment on ballot box stuffing allegations."

Since this is the final edition of Woroni for the year, we thought it only fair to provide the winning entry to this photo that was shown around the office after the "Wadgate Affair".

More nudie hijinx at Floriade...



The change in the weather has resulted in some people finding it too warm for clothing, even when outdoors. This young man decided to go for a tiptoe through the tulips wearing only a smile and a Demidenko stlye wig. Woroni's advice to you all is don't get angry, get naked preferably in the vicinity of a horticultural exposition. It is spring after all.

Poet's Coroner: Ode to an Arts student

I'm in the race for an Arts degree
But it amounts to little in reality
With a debt of 10 grand and a bomby car
I'm sure my lateral thinking won't get me far.

I've spent three years in essay writing
and speaking out in tutes,
But I'm completely unemployable
Except in politics and moots.

I cannot issue a memorandum
Or work a fax machine
I don't know about office management
Maybe I should take up the position of
Dean.

Because an Arts degree at Uni
Is without any practical use
Packing the kids off for tertiary education
Is just an expensive ruse.

Secretarial work is beyond me
And I'm not capable of manual labour
But at least I have learnt something
That will perhaps work in my favour.

For procrastination and timewasting
Have become entrenched in my soul
So with my only real talent
I'm perfectly suited for the dole.

by Baps D'Clock

Dead Editor of the Week



This is Adam (pictured here with former Union Board Chair Michael Zorbas), the one time editor of this section of the paper. Adam was known for his excesses both physical and with respect to various substances. Adam recently passed away after accidentally signing his body over for medical experiments after mistaking the organ donor form for his income tax return. Before he knew what was happening his kidneys had been whipped out, his spleen was residing in an injured footballer and his tar-filled lungs had been given to the RTA to coat roads with. The cruelest cut of all, was when they stole something noone ever had before - his heart. Adam's big, strong heart is now powering away inside the chest cavity of a 94 year old woman who is now looking forward to a letter from the queen. Adam McGlashan, we didn't like envy or even respect him and if he weren't dead already, we'd probably tell him to fuck off and die. RIP Woroni 1996!

old and decrepit.... 1975

Girl, Four, Rapes Dad Kills Mum



Amanda Tomlinson, of Northbourne Avenue was last seen riding a Norton 750CC along the Tuggeranong Expressway and was wearing faded blue jeans. Police describe her as 2ft 6" tall, extremely dangerous and may be armed.

In Woroni's great tradition of providing the student body with quality journalism, we give you this brief flashback to the heady days of 1975.

Canberra has long been seen as a stable, safe albeit slightly boring place to raise a family. Imagine the horror of a four year old going on a rampage of murder, mayhem and destruction.

As far as how this reflects on a student newspaper, is obvious that the impeccably high standard of Woroni has not suffered and we have become strong and brought joy to many new students.

Yeah, right!

Nef
378.947
Wor

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY
Annual Examination 1996

39%
See you next year!

(N)

WORONI 0200
INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

For students who have not attempted the 1st semester assessment, or who wish to redeem their 1st semester assessment mark, the following conditions apply:

Study period: 60 minutes duration
Time allowed: 3 hours duration

Such students should attempt one question from Part A and two questions from Part B.

For students who attempted the 1st semester assessment and who do not wish to redeem their 1st semester assessment mark, the following conditions apply:

Study period: 40 minutes duration
Time allowed: 2 hours duration

Such students should attempt two questions from Part B.

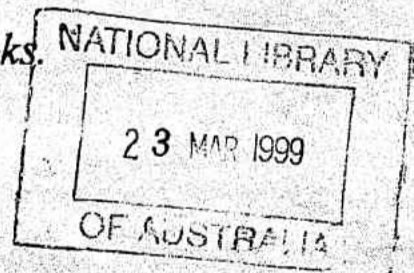
NOTE:

Some of the questions are divided into parts; approximate writing times are noted next to parts of questions for your guidance.

Each question is for convenience marked out of 100.

Permitted materials: any except ANU library books.

Part A commences over the page.
Part B commences on page 4.



URGENT NOTICE

TO ALL WOMEN ON CAMPUS

An incident of Rape has been reported to the Student's Association.

The Women's Office recommends that all women take care to walk around university, even in daylight, in groups of 2 or more. In addition, it is recommended that women do not enter toilets unaccompanied.

Please take care.

If you wish to protest about the lack of safety for women on campus the Women's Office will be holding a protest for a safe women's space at university (free from rape) at the Reclaim the night rally, Friday the 25th of October at 6 for 6.30 at Garema Place.